

Collier's

for EASTER

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*My Memories of
Henry Irving*

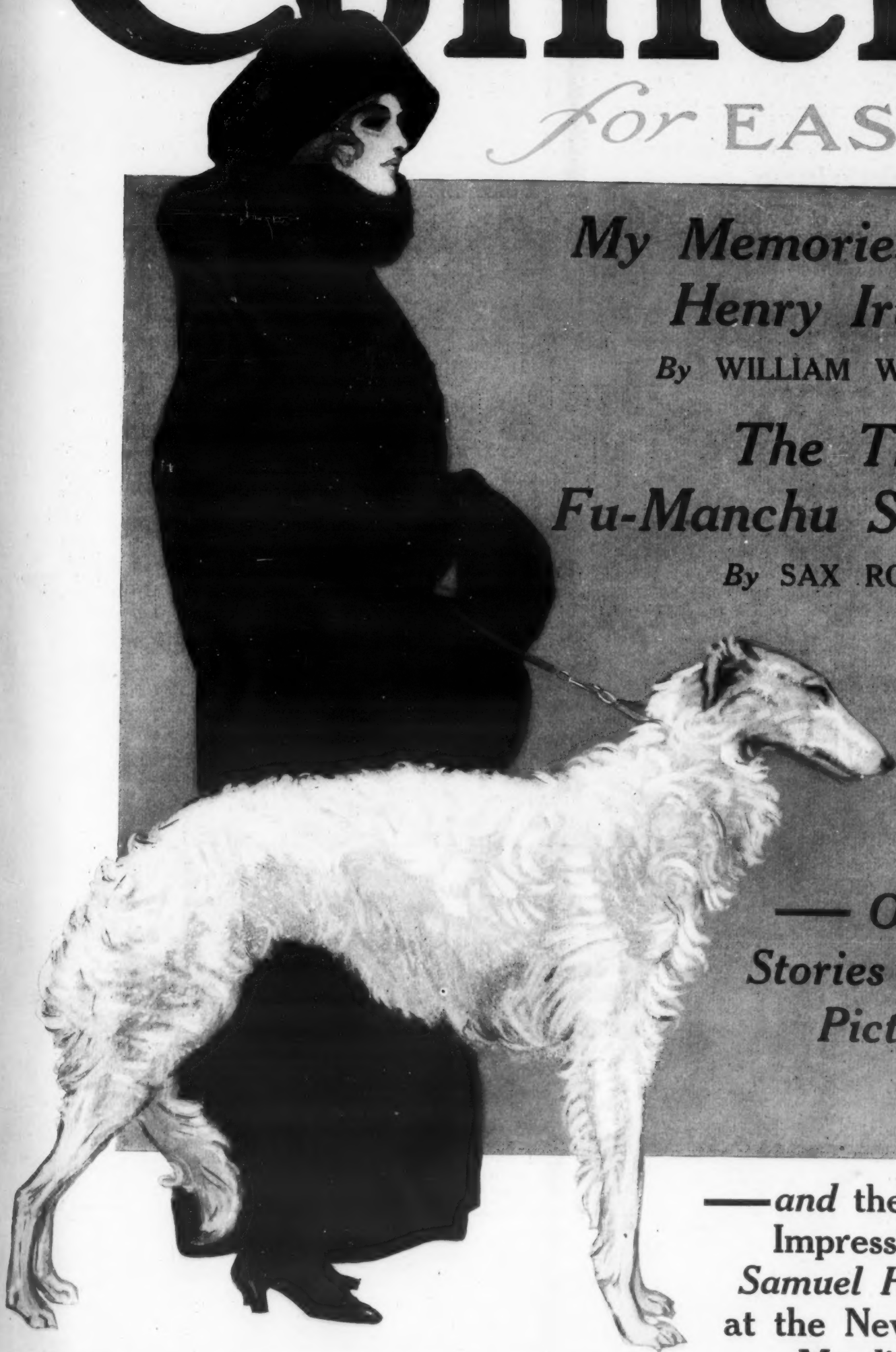
By WILLIAM WINTER

*The Third
Fu-Manchu Story*

By SAX ROHMER

— Other
Stories and
Pictures

— and the Ingenuous
Impressions of
Samuel H. Adams
at the New Orleans
Mardi Gras



History-Making Cars

By R. E. Olds, Designer

For 26 years, and in legions of cars, I have written a good bit of motor car history.

Reo the Fifth sums up all the results of it. It embodies all I've learned.

This is the latest of my history-making cars. And you who would know what time has taught will find it all in this 1913 chassis.

Go Deep

Go below the trappings of a car.

We don't minimize appearance, equipment, up-to-dateness. One glance will show how highly we regard them.

Here's a 17-coated body. Here is deep, rich upholstery, made of genuine leather. Here are electric lights, comfortable springs, nickel trimmings, set-in dash lights—comfort, luxury and room.

But those are easy and apparent features. Makers dare not skip them. So you must go below these things to measure up a car.

Basic Worth

And a new car's performance is no criterion of value. Any modern car makes attractive demonstrations.

The real question is how that car will perform in five years from today. What will be the cost of upkeep and repairs? How will the car meet an overstrain? What troubles will it give me?

The answer to those things lies in the chassis. There is where you should look.

What You'll Find

In Reo the Fifth you'll find steel made to formula. Steel which we analyze twice before using to be utterly sure of its strength.

You'll find gears which were tested in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

You'll find 2-inch, seven-leaf springs, made from just the center

one-third of the finest steel ingots. Springs which we test for 100,000 vibrations.

A \$75.00 magneto—

A doubly-heated carburetor—

A costly centrifugal pump.

You'll find in all driving parts big margins of safety—not less than 50 per cent. For all of these parts are tested to sustain a 45 h. p. engine.

Costly Items

Those oversize tires—34x4—cost \$60.00 more than tires which some regard sufficient. They are put on to double your tire mileage.

There are in this car 15 roller bearings, 11 of which are Timken. They cost five times as much as common ball bearings. Yet we might call this a Timken-bearing car if we used but two such bearings.

We use in this car 190 drop forgings, to avoid all risks of flaws. Steel castings cost one-half as much.

Each car must pass a thousand tests and inspections. Nothing is left to chance. Important parts are all fitted by hand—ground over and over to get utter exactness.

Each engine gets five long-continued tests, three of which are unusual. These tests require 48 hours. After certain tests we take each engine to pieces, and inspect every running part.

To insure every precaution with every car, we limit our output to 50 cars daily, so men are never rushed.

As a result, every Reo the Fifth goes out a perfect car. There are no defects, no shortcomings, to bother the man who gets it.

The Hard Things

These are the things which are difficult and costly. They add, I figure, \$200.00 to the necessary cost of each car.

It took years and years for me to learn their importance. And it takes the user years sometimes to find out all they mean.

It is easy to add attractions which all buyers see. But these hidden things take courage.

But all the faith which men have in me rests on this hidden worth. Men have come to expect it, and they'll always get it in any car I build.

And the demand for this car—always twice our production—shows how men are turning to the well-built car.

One Rod Controls It

One small rod between the two front seats does all the gear-shifting in Reo the Fifth. The driver moves the rod only three inches in each of four directions.

He sits on the left side, as in all up-to-date cars, so this rod comes at his right.


There are no levers, side or center. Both brakes are operated by

foot pedals. So the driver's entrance, on either side, is entirely unobstructed.

This form of control, exclusive with us, is one of this car's great attractions. It makes gear-shifting as easy as advancing the spark.

A thousand dealers handle Reo the Fifth. Write for our catalog and address of nearest showroom.

Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
\$1,095



30-35
Horsepower
Wheel Base—
112 inches
Tires—
34 x 4 inches
Center
Control
15 Roller
Bearings
Demountable
Rims
3 Electric Lights
190 Drop
Forgings
Made with
5 and 2-
Passenger
Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for \$100 extra (list price \$170).

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**
Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.



Firestone

NON-SKID TIRES

Reduce tire and car expense by means of thick "non-skid" tread built up on regular Firestone body. Toughness and thickness give longer life; resiliency protects car's mechanism.

Sharp edges, abrupt angles and deep hollows of tread grip pavement or road—prevent skid and increase traction. Demand them for security, economy, comfort.

Write for book, "What's What in Tires," by H. S. Firestone.

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio All Principal Cities
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"



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YOUNG men will rejoice at the new models we've made for them this spring; suits and overcoats of unusual merit in style and finish. The Norfolk will be worn by men of all ages; more popular than ever before, for business, for sport, for town or country.

Notice the very smart lines of the new suit models; the long, graceful lapels; the patch pockets. Notice also the new overcoat model, a very striking and original design.

You can find these and many other good styles, ready; and the advantages gained in time and money saving, in assurance of quality, tailoring, fit, are the reasons for buying ready clothes.

You will want to see our special golf suit—Norfolk coat and "knickers"; it's in the illustration above. The girl is wearing one of our new Norfolk models; young women seem to like them. Ask for our goods; be sure the mark is in them—a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Send six cents for the Spring Style Book.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

New York

Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

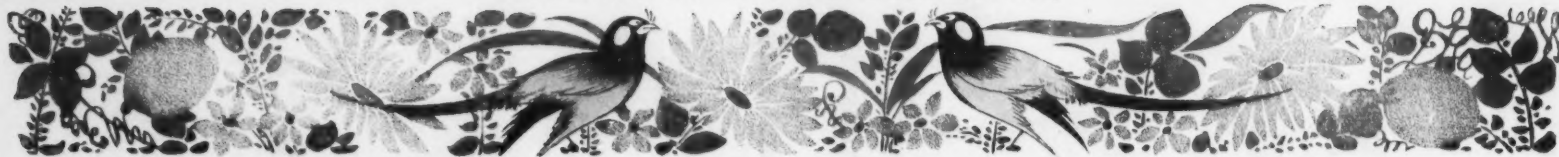
STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



The Oasis

Sometimes you will see a bleak, long, dreary tenement, and the rear of it is covered with a network of clotheslines, to remind you always of dirt and wearisome work. The bricks are bare and stale-looking and very cold in the winter; and in the summer they are just as ugly, but they suck up the heat all through the fierce hours while the sun is striking them, and then at night they pour out that heat into the rooms and fill the air with those fever throbs till the folks inside the rooms are almost ready to jump out of the windows to find some escape from that misery. And then, sometimes, in a building like that, where poverty and suf-

fering are in command, and where human beings are living sadly, you will see a touch of color at a window—a cool green plant blooming as cheerily as if it were out in the good red earth under the sky, in a country spot far from skyscrapers and sick children. And a little girl will be watering it and keeping it everlastingly fresh, with all the pride and watchfulness which a happy mother spends upon her child. And you will know that here, too, the human spirit has found its escape, has refused to be crushed and stifled. Here, in the troubled city and amid the squalor, a human being is finding joy



PROGRESS TRIUMPHANT

THERE IS NOW IN CHARGE of the Government at Washington an organization that is progressive throughout. Mr. WILSON and his Cabinet are forcibly on the side of progress; in the Lower House of Congress the majority is overwhelmingly progressive; and the recent overturn of the reactionary MARTIN of Virginia as Senate leader marks the definite triumph of the more radical wing of the Democratic party in that body. This equipment will be a thoroughly effective machine for carrying out the two main purposes of the Administration: tariff revision and whatever of trust dissolution remains to be done after Attorney General WICKERSHAM's large and effective work. But when it comes to the humanitarian measures which are in the minds of the people as a fundamental part of the progressive program, the Democratic party is apt to limp, because of the historic State-rights conviction which permeates enough of the party to make its working majority ineffective. A good deal of the fate of the Democratic party in 1916 is bound up in exactly the same issue that was uppermost in 1789.

FOR EXAMPLE

MOST OF THE DEMOCRATS think that big business can best be regulated by the States, and Mr. WILSON has proved his faith by securing the passage, in New Jersey, of seven drastic laws which undo all that previously made that State the "mother of trusts." These regulatory laws have not been on the books a month, but already one large New Jersey holding corporation, feeling the pinch of them, has taken out a charter in Delaware. If Delaware should now become virtuous, there will then be a refuge in West Virginia, and after West Virginia forty-five other States. Is this puss-in-the-corner method really satisfactory? And is it probable that a steel mill in Pennsylvania can ever be compelled to adopt humanitarian measures so long as its competitor across the line in Ohio is not compelled and can, therefore, produce more cheaply? Efficiency of control seems pretty clearly on the side of Federal regulation. One thing that keeps the Southern Democrat friendly to State rights is the fear of Federal control of their elections. If there were general assent to the truth that much of reconstruction was a vindictive error, and that Southern elections are matters for Southern control, the South could look on Federal aggrandizement with less misgiving. The issue between the Democratic and Progressive parties in 1916 is likely to be much the same as between the Democrats and Federalists in 1789. More than a hundred years of invention in steam and electricity has strengthened the side of the Progressives.

FAITHFUL SERVANTS

THE OCCASION should not pass without reference to some members of Mr. TAFT's Cabinet. In an Administration whose prestige was steadily diminishing, the customary incentive and reward that goes by the name of glory was more or less lacking. There is, therefore, all the greater reason for intelligent appreciation. Mr. FISHER took up one of the hardest jobs in the world at a time when it had been made more difficult by the demoralization left by a discredited predecessor. He administered it with high efficiency, with an obvious integrity that silenced suspicion, and a unique intelligence which was able to adjust the huge department to a changed conception of public and private property. In the Department of War some of Secretary STIMSON's problems were similar, and his handling of them equally able. The vigor and effectiveness with which Mr. WICKERSHAM enforced the Sherman Act was a sharp contrast to the general easy-going, procrastinating mood of whatever Mr. TAFT handled.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

FROM THE LETTER written by President CLEVELAND to WILLIAM L. WILSON, author of the Wilson Tariff Bill, after that bill had been emasculated through the treachery of Democratic Senators:

Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled in the interest and to the benefit of a long-suffering public.

THE NEAR FUTURE

IT IS AN AXIOM of social organization that whatever increases the distance between the poorest and the richest, the highest and the lowest, in a democracy makes it more difficult for the democracy to endure. The more homogeneous a democracy is, the more alike its members are in wealth and status, the more happy, satisfactory, and successful it is.

All the economic phenomena of the near future will make for this homogeneity. The protective tariff was a perfectly devised means for increasing the distance between the extremes of society. The typical tariff-protected village consists of one big house at the top of the hill and a thousand hovels in the valley. The protective tariff tends to divide society into a small group of baronial factory owners and a large mass of feudal factory workers. The wiping out of protection will arrest and reverse this tendency, which has gone on with distressing results for nearly half a century. Other events of the near future will be directed intelligently at the same evil, for we are likely to have a graduated income tax and a graduated inheritance tax. Finally, the great fortunes which have been made out of perpetual public-service franchises and out of other forms of exploitation are forever a thing of the past in America. That part of capital which likes this sort of thing—large risks and large returns, lobbyists and government favors—will go to the newer countries in South America, countries at a stage of civilization where these things are a more or less normal incident of development. Nothing could mark more strikingly the ethical and economic milestones which America is just passing; ten to fifteen years ago the perpetual franchise—gas, electric, or transportation—was common. To-day it is safe to say that no perpetual franchise will ever again be granted in the United States. President WILSON enters not only upon a new Administration but a new epoch.

THE MUSHROOM BANK

NO OTHER NATION has such an extraordinary number of banks as we have; our total now runs over 25,000. Of these 15,000 have sprung into life in the last twelve years—more than two-thirds since our last great commercial crisis. This abnormal growth has been stimulated by the very great expansion of business and by examples of undue profits from speculative banking. Many of these mushroom creations are in wholly inexperienced hands; some are in the hands of those who cannot believe that financial history repeats in a slow cycle. How to stabilize and strengthen this far-spread line of loosely connected units is a problem quite on a par with the currency or even the Money Trust.

TO KEEP MONTANA WET

THE AGENTS OF EVIL are always busy. They toil upward (or downward) in the night. They can be counted upon to nose out unerringly the potential forces for righteousness and attack them before the just man has had time to decide to come to their support. The following is a letter written by the Montana Protective Association, made up of all branches of the liquor trade in that State, to a firm that manufactures a substance used to a considerable extent in barrooms:

The State Legislature is now in session, and the first bill introduced into our Senate was one proposing the altering of our Constitution so as to permit the women of Montana to exercise the franchise. *If women are given the right to vote, there are several counties which, in our opinion, can be voted dry at once.* This will materially affect your trade here.

There is also another bill which provides for the closing of saloons at eleven o'clock at night until six in the morning and all day Sunday. Notice has also been given of several other bills which, if not defeated, will practically annihilate the trade in Montana. *We are in the midst of a dangerous fight. We are doing all we possibly can to defeat this legislation, and we respectfully submit that it is the duty of firms doing business within the State to assist us in this fight, which means to them the conservation of their business and the retaining of their existing accounts.*

The local wholesalers and retailers are working unanimously to maintain for Montana the proud position of being the wettest State in the Union. This takes money. Hence we again draw your attention to our communication of December 18 and respectfully ask you to kindly render us financial aid as indicated in said letter.

Many friends of woman suffrage, as well as its opponents, doubt whether the enfranchisement of women will have any appreciable effect on the liquor traffic and commercialized vice. The men whose money is involved in the liquor business have no doubt whatever. They are the most virulent foes that woman suffrage has. Incidentally, every decent person in Montana ought to be ashamed of this letter.

ONE WAY TO MAKE BEAUTY USEFUL

GENIUS CLIMBS THE HEIGHTS; it is one of the seven wonders that possibly the most beautiful structure in the new world is now its biggest and newest. This is the latest sky-filling monster, the Woolworth Building, on lower Broadway, New York. Save in the Old World cathedrals, as Amiens, there is nothing to compare with its splendid grace. Its delicate pinnacles seem literally to soar into the blue above. Since STANFORD WHITE's miraculous transcription of Antioch into Dr.



PARKHURST example among the of Ameri ness sho those who the Wool Company the \$65,0

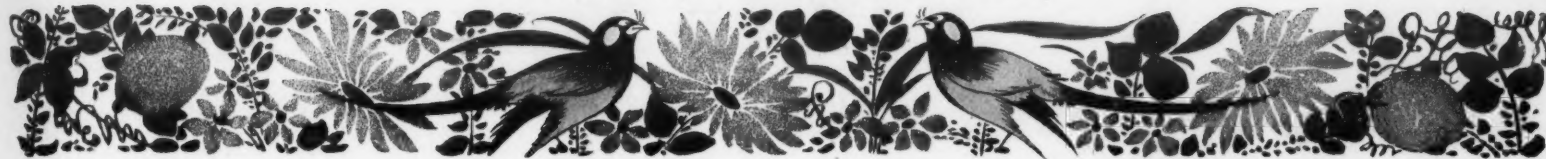
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PARKHURST's little church in Madison Square, New York has seen no example of such supreme talent. It enrolls its creator, Mr. CASS GILBERT, among the geni of architecture. It is wholly characteristic of an epoch of American history which is just ending that this marvel of loveliness should be part of a huge stock-jobbing scheme. For the benefit of those who may have a different understanding, we should like to state that the Woolworth Building is not owned by or included in the Woolworth Company, or in the "good will" which makes up about \$30,000,000 of the \$65,000,000 of "assets" of that corporation.

HOTBEDS OF SNOBBERY

MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG, Chicago's militant Superintendent of Schools, has set her foot down on the "kid fraternities." She wages as relentless a war against these baby secret societies as BETSEY TROTWOOD waged against donkeys or CATO against Carthage. Undaunted by the formidable Greek alphabet, she has expelled entire sororities or "frats" in about the same offhand way that one would take light exercise before breakfast. Their injured protests of their "high ideals" and "lofty purposes" do not convince her. To Mrs. YOUNG's sensible and democratic nature they are merely little hotbeds of snobbery. They are un-American and mischievous. They retard scholarship and divert the interests of school life into unwholesome channels. Their importance is unduly exaggerated. They come into a child's life at the most impressionable age. Many a boy or girl who has nothing to apologize for but poverty, who is otherwise lovable and sweet, has left school heartbroken and given up the dream of an education merely because of the social ostracism practiced by these "Holier than Thou" combinations.

INTELLIGENCE AND WEALTH

THE VILLAGE of Greenwich, Conn., boasts fifty-seven millionaires. These millionaires have children and wives. The estates they own are valued at around \$10,000 per acre. It is perhaps the highest-priced suburban property in the world. Greenwich has also mosquitoes, and a special brand—anopheles. In consequence, last year this village had 900 cases of malaria. Some of these probably meant neurasthenia or other ills for the rest of their victims' lives. There is no finer foundation for chronic invalidism. In this epidemic, for such it was, were included the children and the wives of the rich. Malaria is not, like tuberculosis and many other maladies, a luxury of the poor. Nor is it a filth disease. It has one, and only one, cause: the anopheles mosquito. This discovery is now twelve or fifteen years old. No educated physician in the world any longer questions it. Panama is the everlasting monument to this discovery. But for this discovery we should have failed in building the canal, as the French failed, and for the same reason: anopheles. With all this in mind (the regular health officer having done nothing), one or two intelligent physicians of Greenwich asked the Town Committee for an extermination fund—\$5,400. The committee refused. Then the fifty-seven millionaires were appealed to. And they royally subscribed \$280.

MULES WILL BE MULES

A DEVICE THAT SHAKESPEARE LOVED, the comic touch that gives momentary relief from the strain of tragedy, appears in the recent grim epic of the Antarctic. Lieutenant EVANS, recording the experiences of the relief expedition that went out in search of Captain SCOTT and his companions, remarks about the pack mules:

Their rations consisted of eleven pounds of oil cake and oats in the proportion of one of oil cake to two of oats. . . . The chief difficulty in connection with the mules was that they would eat anything except their rations. The food of some consisted of rope yarn, tea leaves, men's and dogs' biscuits, and tobacco ashes.

LO! THE POOR MAN

THE COUNTY COURT recently refused to relicense the pool and billiard rooms in Kirksville, Mo., on the ground that they had become undesirable loafing and gambling places. The attorney for the pool rooms pleaded with tears in his voice for the court to keep open the pool rooms because they were the poor man's club. It seems that almost any time something needs to be closed up, it turns out to be a "poor man's club." If the plea of the attorney for the defendant happened to be true, the poor man would show very questionable taste in his clubs. About the only things professing to be poor men's clubs happen to be those violating the law; and one of the ironies of these places which try to hide behind a plea for the poor man is that they are run especially to get the poor man's money. The fact is the poor man has no club; but he ought to have. He ought to have a club that does not take the money he needs for bread and clothes; a club that stimulates his mind and his higher social qualities. Neither the poor man nor the rich man needs a club to stimulate the animal impulses; and both of them need homes more than they do clubs.

SPRING HOUSECLEANING

SYMBOL OF ALL WOMANHOOD in all the springtimes of the world is the wife who, waking some morning in April to find the soft wind melting away the sticky snow, and the sunshine falling bright into the rooms that have housed a family through a long winter, flings up the windows and falls to with broom and scrubbing brush to make her house clean and beautiful against the coming spring. Soap and air and sunshine, polished wood and shining glass, snowy curtains flying in the wind, neat files of white linen, orderly rows of books and dishes, the fragrance of a few daffodils in a glass vase on the table, would that all man's work could be as clean to the soul as this.

Order is a lovely thing;
On disarray it lays its wing,
Teaching simplicity to sing.

When I cleanse this earthen floor,
My spirit leaps to see
Bright garments trailing over it.
Wonderful lusters cover it,
A cleanness made by me.
Purger of all men's thoughts and ways,
With labor do I sound Thy praise,
My work is done for Thee.
Whoever makes a thing more bright,
He is an angel of all light.
Therefore let me spread abroad
The beautiful cleanness of my God.

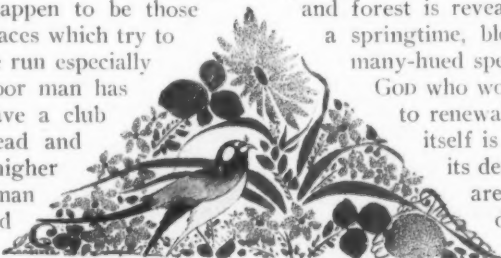
Always it has been, always it will be, woman's work to bring the wind and water and sunshine into the dank and dusty corners of men's dwelling places.

THE CHARM OF PERFECT SCORN

THERE IS A WHOLLY FASCINATING character in "The Good Little Devil," and she is an old woman with a highly developed power of hatred. She hates all the world and its folks. Whomever she casts her eye upon she calls "scorpion," "microbe," "ass." Her tongue is agile to spit venom. It is good to meet anyone so whole hearted. A sense of glad release comes when such a presence draws near. Here, at least, is one who has mastered the inner chaos. Most of us go drifting, and are kindly and malicious by turns under changing currents and various gales. But an old woman given over to hatred and withering contempt is so salient, so unified, that her course through life's welter is as keen-bladed as the cutting prow of a racing yacht. And some of that same zest we feel in our weekly reading of England's "Saturday Review." Rarely has such scorn visited our planet as lies deep in the heart of that astonishing editorial staff. With what nasty rage it hates our country! And in its comprehensive bitterness it reaches out and includes all Liberals, all woman suffragists, all humanitarians, all Irishmen, all dissenters. We rise refreshed from its perusal as from a bath of salt. Such a largess of rage and sneering. Here is one who knows his own mind, who has read his own heart, and who permits us to see the little furies that tear him. We have hoped that among our own people we could rear some man or organ who would give that tang to our monotony. Sometimes we cherish hopes of the New York "Sun," but ever and again it taints its perfect scorn with a sudden sweetness of human feeling. AMBROSE BIERCE has shot nearest the milky whiteness of that bull's-eye which the great archery of SWIFT and JUVENAL and ANATOLE FRANCE has riddled.

THE SPRING RESURRECTION

LIFE IS VISIBLY RELEASED, and we are eyewitnesses of creation at work. We see the earth touched with color, and greenness sweeping over the land. Now the wayside flowers spring up, rained upon and glad of the sun. And the eye of man is gladdened by intervals and fertile field, and the long green lanes of linden. Not all the gathered snows and punishing winds can thwart this coming of the spring. All the tides of being are rolling in to the flood. Now there returns the wildness that leaps at life as a hunting dog let loose from the leash. The breezes tumble down from the great hills. Their cool has been nourished in the rich green pines, and has lifted off the hidden mounds of snow in dark ravines. All the spacious spread of lawn and meadow, white sea-lapped beach and lifting hill is vibrant. The land that was full of loneliness is quick with life, and through the fresh morning there moves a keen-eyed joy. But what we witness in the silent upspringing of the wayside and forest is revealed to-day in the heart of man. We, too, are in a springtime, blown upon by fresh winds. That marvelous and many-hued spectacle of the busy spring is but the garment of the God who works through the thoughts of men and touches them to renewal. The bleak ages have gone, and the race of men itself is visibly planning a resurrection. Out of the dust of its dead things it rises to a fuller life. Its ancient enemies are in retreat. Hate is dying, poverty is passing, the disinherited have found a voice. As out of a stormy night, we draw near a light and warmth for men.



A brisk, vivid, self-confident, hospitable, bustling, well-bred old French lady



NEW ORLEANS is an old lady among cities. A brisk, vivid, self-confident, hospitable, bustling, well-bred old French lady, but unmistakably old and quite as unmistakably a lady. Once a year youth pulses back along her veins. Springtide thrills in her blood and sets her aged toes a-tinkling. Then Milady forgets her years, though never quite her breeding, dons her mask and motley, and sallies forth into the streets, to foot it in a dance which rises crescendo through a week of merrymaking, concluding in a final burst of light and laughter on Fat Tuesday. So she has done since the nation was young; so, perhaps, she will do to the end. For the spirit is in her, not to be denied, the elfin spirit that makes carnival.

Back of Milady is another figure, her Silent Partner in the event. Not so old, this other; not so gentle of breeding, and without Milady's spirit of eternal youth and merriment. He typifies the commercialism of the celebration. From far and wide crowds flock to witness, aid, and applaud Milady in Motley at her revels. Silent Partner sees to it that they pay for it. The gold which they shower upon that gay and patient dancer he garners, and Alaska's gold mines and Maine's fisheries alike contribute to his levy—one hundred per cent above market rates. Thus stands the copartnership: Milady making joy of Mardi Gras, the Silent Partner making money.

THE royal parade ground of the Court of Motley is Canal Street. Call back to memory the broadest avenue that you know. Then stretch it enough to insert down the middle a paved parkway, itself as wide as an ordinary thoroughfare. That is Canal Street, the main artery of New Orleans.

Now festoon that boulevard with every gay hue in the gamut of color: with flags, bunting, banners, pennons, rosettes, streamers, loops, whorls, fringes, and all manner of things that fly and flutter and invite the eye. Pack it almost solid with happy-faced humanity, all decorated for the occasion. Raise above its sidewalks row after row of temporary stands on stilts, brightly bedecked with bunting and filled to overflowing with eager-faced femininity, beneath which structures the pedestrian walks through dim caverns, dodging the stalagmites which support the edifices. Scatter profusely through the open spaces unimagined types of vehicles, drawn by decorated horses and accompanied, like as not, by heribbioned and resentfully puzzled dogs, the rolling stock being alike in only one particular: that it all shows some essay at ornamentation. (One family I saw attending the festivities in a pink cheeseclothed wheelbarrow, paterfamilias between the handles; and, again, a whole large household, glorious in a garnished garbage cart.) Fill the air with a cheerful clamor of speech, song, the cries of the souvenir venders, the blare of celebrant tin horns, an occasional burst of near harmony from some minor organization parading with its amateur band—in short, imagine the biggest and most golden circus day of your childhood doubled and quadrupled. That is Canal Street just before the parade.

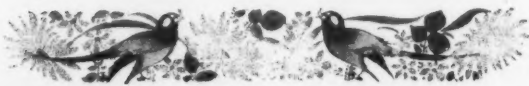
Somewhere in the distance the clear note of a bugle sounds. A hush creeps over the swaying crowd, like a cloud veiling the sun. Then the tiptoed expectancy

MILADY IN MOTLEY

Being the Ingenuous Impressions of a First-Time Visitor to the New Orleans Mardi Gras

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Illustrated by Rose O'Neill



and the long, ecstatic "Ah-h-h-h!" as the first gorgeous apparition towers lofty and afar. As if by magic, the way clears, and to the heavy rumbling of truck wheels the gorgeous floats lurch into full view.

CLASSICISM is the keynote of the parade. The floats are constructed on a really superb scale of magnificence, each with its masked, robed, and garlanded figures bowing right and left and throwing souvenirs of carnival jewels into the crowd or up to the balconies. Candor compels one to say that pictorial effect is the limit of attempt. There is no real expressiveness in the floats, and, but for the placards which are thoughtfully borne before each one, even a student of mythology would find difficulty in distinguishing Jove, holding court in Olympus, from Bacchus returning from his island home. Indeed, the populace showed an inclination to make its own interpretations; and at one point where the marching signposts got deranged, Leda with her swan was promptly identified as Mother Goose, while Arachne, by virtue of her accompanying spider, was rapturously acclaimed as Little Miss Muffet. One should not be captious in criticism, however, since in detail and finish the floats are probably superior to the best of the European carnivals. And this is particularly true of the day parades, where the searching sunlight betrays even the slightest defect.

But if Canal Street is gay by day, it is gorgeous by night. From end to end of the parade area it is strung with white electric fires. Every building on the route has its special varicolored light designs, and when these spring from the darkness, building after building transformed by illumination into fairy palaces of the night, the effect is thrillingly unearthly. All the world seems changed to a vast prism shot through with an almost intolerable radiance. Then down this avenue of splendor moves the night parade, the floats picked out in light at every possible point, and further irradiated by attendant powders burning red and blue and green. It is all over in a few minutes, for the parade is a short one; and then the elect go to the old French Opera House for the gala ball.

NOT always have the displays been strictly classical. There still remains in the city a reminiscent and mirthful shudder over a float which made the Mardi Gras of some years ago notable. In that year the graves had given up their dead for purposes strictly political. That is to say, the corrupt ring which controls New Orleans had voted a large number of more or less recently deceased persons, taking their names from the mortality records. Although the "ring" won by this and other methods, public sentiment secured the indictment of some eighty of the ring-leaders shortly after election, so that when carnival time came the subject was a rankling sore. On the day of the big parade, when the floats "formed up" to take their places in the line, there issued from the shadow of the walls of the famous old cemetery a grim company. In the lead was a sable-clad band playing the "Dead March from Saul." Next came four horses, richly decked in crêpe, drawing a full-panoplied hearse labeled: "Graveyard Voters' League." The hearse was driven by a gigantic draped figure. Beside the driver, bolt upright, sat a skeleton. Inside appeared the casket, bearing the inscription: "Died Four Years Ago; Voted Last November."

Behind marched a goodly company of revenants, attired either as ghosts or skeletons. They flaunted banners and placards with legends such as this:

"I Came To on Election Day."

"Not Gabriel but Tom — (naming a prominent politician) Got Me Out."

"Oh, Grave, Where is Thy Victory? Ask the Mayor!"

"It is Not Death to Die. (See the Returns.)"

Uproarious welcome greeted the cadaverous paraders. The police, most of whom were in the "ring," and several of whom had been involved in the scandal, were stunned into inaction. Not until the unique exhibit had reached the City Hall did the authorities rush in and break up the formation, heading them out of the line of march. But the lesson had struck home. New Orleans seethed with it. Since then there has been a quiet censorship of floats.

THE great day comes last. Then it is that Milady in Motley comes into the fullness of her sovereignty. And Mardi Gras day is a sort of leap year among days. It is twenty-four hours long when it isn't twenty-five. This year, I am sure, it was twenty-five. There was the murmur of the great, unsleeping city in my ears when I went to bed early Tuesday morning, and a more immediate and strident note when, not much later, with the sky showing only the first pale rose of dawn, there was wafted into my dim and awakening consciousness an insistent and rasping noise. Wearily I arose and went to the window. On the sill sat a sparrow with a filament of worsted running chevron-wise across its shoulder. Whether it had a nest-building enterprise in mind or was merely adding its bit of color to the general gala effect I shall never know, since, without pausing for explanations, it flew down to the curb and alighted near a strange apparition. The apparition seemed in some respects human, but had three faces. So crudely were they superimposed that each one projected some conspicuous feature beyond its fellows. At a provocatively uptilted angle to them jutted

out a species of that supposedly extinct musical instrument, the kazoo. Plainly this was one of the favorite sons of Milady in Motley. As he sat, patiently droning upon his diabolical reed, I missed him with a cake of soap, and, having thus attracted his attention, suggested that he go home.

"But home? What home? Whose home? Had he a home?" chanted the disturber of the peace without displacing the kazoo.

Now trifacial wayfarers who misquote Tennyson by the dawn's pale light are in the nature of an experience. Hence I parleyed.

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"Who am I? Cyrano. From yon wan moon I plunged— Well, never mind that. What do I want? Sympathetic companionship."

"Mine in particular?" I asked with some degree of suspicion, for many apparently casual things happen by guile at Mardi Gras, and my serenader might well be an emissary from some jocular local acquaintance.

He spread his hand on his chest and spoke me fair. "Come down. Come down, oh, fairest of your sex, whichever sex it may happen to be. (I can't see you in this half light.) Come down and be Queen of the May."

"Wrong guess. You lose," I retorted in my deepest voice.

"In that case descend and be King of the Revels. See old Proteus rising from the sea, and hear the Tritons blow their wreathed horn."

"Suppose you explain, first, why I am selected for this signal honor."



Questing with vision aslant for the Man behind the mask

"You aren't. My musical devotions were addressed to the hotel in general."

"Then you don't know me?" I inquired, still suspicious. "Not in the least. Yours chanced to be the first face to appear at a window. Now that I see it more plainly," he added with engaging frankness, "I regret it. Nevertheless emerge, O scion of the bleak and bitter north—thy speech bewrayeth thee—and observe the bright day dance jocund on the misty mountain tops."

Again he bowed, and his outer face fell off. It was a dark red face, and it disclosed a rather staring yellow one. Straightway he clamped the lost lineaments upon his left shoulder and raised his kazoo.

"Join me," he shouted, "or with this thund'rous horn I will so shatter the walls of your ten-dollar-a-day Jericho that not one item of the bill shall remain standing upon another."

NOW the previous evening having been devoted to Comus, I had enjoyed a long and tiresome sleep of about three hours. Nevertheless I couldn't allow a creature like the Unknown to go wandering about in loneliness of soul,



With pickaninnies whose round, appealing eyes were trustfully anticipative of the splendors in store for them

with his mouth full of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and kazoo. When I joined him ten minutes later he was sitting on a doorstep crooning a melancholious ditty.

"Ode to a wasted life—mine," he explained, removing the kazoo and, therewith, his second set of features. Thus was revealed a curious and quaint countenance, streaked with occasional stripes of scarlet and white. By way of balance to his left shoulder, he fastened the second mask to his right, thereby giving himself the aspect of a lurid and ribald Cerberus.

"You look sleepy," he observed.

I mentioned the brief hours given to recuperation.

"Take pattern by me," he advised. "Three nights ago I slept in a bed. Since then I have knit up the raveled sleeve of care with jif-fizzes."

"With what?"

"Seven cultured gentlemen in white aprons comprehended me perfectly throughout the evening whenever I said that word," he stated with severe dignity. "Will you confess to a lower plane of intelligence than a bar-keeper? Jif-fizzes, I said; the kind that Mother does not make, but Ramos does."

Lengthwise and broadwise of the world the Ramos gin fizzes are famous. I signified my comprehension.

"Tis well. And when the flesh grew weak and the spirits failed—bars have to close some time, you know—I have soothed my soul with Lydian measures." Once more he raised his abominable pipe and sent a long raucous note echoing through the empty street. "Sleep and I are strangers. Sir, my family coat of arms is a harmonica in full blast, rampant above an eye with a cinder in it, the whole surrounded by the motto, 'Orpheus, non Morpheus.' Let us circulate."

"Where?"

"Where not? Follow, and I will show you that

March 15

most wonderful of sights, a city waking and gathering to its pleasures."

Following my Cerberus I found myself presently in the quaint, narrow streets of the French quarter. Suddenly he whirled upon me.

"You think," he cried, "you and your kind who come down here to go to a few balls and enjoy the carefully adjusted and well-oiled mechanism of the week—you think that this is *your* show. And I and my kind, who make the wheels go 'round, we think that this is *our* show. Wrong; all wrong. We are going now to see the people for whom Mardi Gras is really given. Come along. I'll show you where is fancy bred."

We stopped in front of one of those old, simple French houses in a street which might have been lifted straight out of Rouen or Arles; a house ornamented with fairy traceries of hand-wrought ironwork railings; a house which withdrew in an impenetrable reserve behind its windows, tight-shuttered from the street. But the "little door" of the dwelling was open, showing within a flagged passage and a porch softly lighted by a red-shaded lamp and overhung with a tiny palm. Low voices and footsteps could be heard, and presently a rotund Frenchman materialized to peer up the street where a queer old carriage was bumping along the pavement. The man vanished, to return with a sleeping youngster under each arm, whom he deposited on the carriage seat, going back for more. Cerberus tiptoed over and blew a modulated blast on his kazoo. The smaller of the children opened one eye with a chirp like a drowsy bird. The wandering glance fell upon the three masks. The other eye opened and broadened. The face lighted up with a smile, and its owner reached over and shook the companion bundle of sleep by the shoulder.

"Voici, Marie! C'est le jour de la fête!"

Then back came the head of the family with the mother and three more children, packed his assortment expertly into the vehicle, gave a nod to Cerberus, climbed in, and was off.

"That is Mardi Gras," said Cerberus.

Far down on the fringe of the quarter a lanky schoolboy stood, tossing pebbles at a window. He was elaborately made up as a stage peddler, even to his tray of notions. Presently there was a muffled shout from within the window, and the summoner, satisfied, turned his attention to us, proffering his wares with extravagant pantomime.

"These are the ones that get the true flavor of carnival," said Cerberus. "Look at the perfection of detail. See how well he carries out the action."

"Some mute, inglorious Warfield here may stand;

Some Weber, guiltless of his country's gags."

Upon the balcony above emerged a rush and whirl of skirts as a fat, blowsy, calico-clad Irishwoman came down, hand over hand, with an agility which betrayed the boy under the feminine garb. The twin linked arms and strode off for their day of glory.

"That is Mardi Gras," said my cicerone.

Over to the river front we went next. The face of the waters was dotted with all manner of tiny craft: some floating down the current, some lustily propelled by heavy oars, some beating slowly up against the force of the stream under sail. Already one of the big, clumsy, tail-wheel excursion steamers was making its way in with a great troubled flapping, like a wounded duck. A small barge crept slowly along the bank, seeking a place to discharge its human freight. It was filled with young men and girls, dark-skinned, limpid-eyed creatures with an indefinable, elusive air of wild freedom about them. Some of them were singing in a barbarous dialect, but with lovely intonations, an old French boat song:

"Par derrière chez mon pé-ère;
Roule, ma boul', rou-ou-ou-le."

"Cajuns from down the river," said Cerberus. "They may have got a tow up or they may have rowed all the way for their one day of delight. That is Mardi Gras for you."

Beside us stretched the long levees, crowded with black humanity. Cerberus led the way through the mass. Apparently the negroes had been sleeping everywhere through the warm, soft night. They turned questioning, lustrous, good-humored faces up to us from among the bales, from behind barrels, inside packing cases, under wagons, in every



"Follow, and I will show you that most wonderful of sights, a city waking and gathering to its pleasures"

nook and corner capable of housing the human frame. And ever to their number were added fresh accessions as the country carts came in, drawn by dilapidated horses or bored and weary mules, and loaded to the guards. All this part of the world seemed alight with the wondering eyes of the pickaninnies; great, round, eager, appealing eyes, trustfully anticipative of the splendors which the traditions of a long-drawn-out year had been storing up for them. They regarded Cerberus as the advance guard of joy, and several of them pattered along beside us, gazing up adoringly into his three faces.

"They know," said he. "They know that it is really their Mardi Gras; that the rest of us are only figures in their play world. And now I must go and take my little part on the stage, to which these are the audience. Remember, you who have come so far, 'for to admire and for to see,' this is the real. The rest is tinsel and pasteboard, the shadow of a dream."

ALL through that multicolored day his words went with me as I wandered and mingled with the happy crowds. So happy they were, so cheerful and patient and good-tempered and polite. Before the main parade the maskers were omnipresent and omnipotent. Milady had given them full run. Mostly young people and children they were, but with some admixture of grown-ups marching in solemn, uniformed phalanxes from nowhere to somewhere else. Everywhere there was the most open of fellowship. Strangers were, in particular, a mark for this, and one found oneself constantly he'd up by effusive greetings: effusive but never offensive. Not once during the day and night did I see any of that rasping "freshness" which, in a New York merry-making crowd, degenerates so often to sheer brutishness. The common people, whether from the city itself or from the surrounding country, seemed to assume a responsibility for the decency and good conduct of the celebration. One feature, very striking to a Northerner, was that there was no drunkenness.

Nothing about the costumes of the maskers was very distinctive. Indians, cowboys, nigger minstrels, torea-

(Continued on page 26)

He looked down at the sheen of the magnificent cloak covering the boy's shabby clothing. "At least there will be one magic awakening from the day of glory," he said





Waiting

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MEMORIES of the PLAYERS

11

By WILLIAM WINTER



Collier's is happy to be able to lay before its readers the wealth of William Winter's mind. Mr. Winter is not only the dean of the corps of American dramatic critics, but is a writer with rare gifts of grace and entertainment. He was the friend and confidant of those whom now he will summon to appear on memory's stage—Henry Irving, dear old Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, Edwin Booth, William Warren, and lastly Augustin Daly. He will write of pleasant happenings in which he as well as they had part. And now he lifts the curtain

I.—Henry Irving

"I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise"

ORIGINALITY and force of character, commanding intellect, probity, and steadfast will, constitute the basis of the success that attended Henry Irving as a man and as an actor. He was born and reared in obscurity and poverty. He did not, at the beginning, possess any social advantages, but he was conscious of the possession of innate powers; he formed, in boyhood, the resolve to make his way to a high position in the world of art, and that resolve he fulfilled—notwithstanding many obstacles—by virtue of his genius, inherent strength, and patient, resolute continuity of purpose. He would have succeeded in any intellectual vocation as well as he succeeded in the vocation of actor. His mind was many-sided, and it was animated by lofty, ceaseless aspiration. In choosing the theatre as the vehicle of his expression and the implement of his labor, he chose according to the bent of his genius, and his choice proved fortunate equally for society and himself. At first, and for a long time, he encountered an opposition which, in some instances, amounted to positive enmity, nor was there any period in the whole of his long career when the voice of detraction relative to his acting became entirely silent. His life was one of incessant toil and of almost incessant conflict; yet if it was perplexed by care and clouded by trouble it also was glorified by victory and irradiated by happiness. One day in 1885, when we were driving along by Hyde Park in London, he said to me: "I would rather have *ten years of life* than fifty years of mere existence." He *lived* all the days of his life, and I doubt whether, in all the long annals of the ministry of art, any man is named who more completely fulfilled his ambition and accomplished his fate.

Irving's family name was Brodribb; his Christian name was John. He was born in the village of Keinton-Mandeville, Somersetshire, England, on February 6, 1838. The name of Henry Irving was adopted by him when he went on the stage in 1856, and in 1870 he obtained from the British Parliament legal sanction for the use of it. In childhood Irving was left by his parents—who had found it necessary to seek their fortune in London—in the care of his mother's sister, Sarah Behenna, wife of Captain Isaac Penberthy, a miner, resident in Halseton, Cornwall, and there he lived for six years. The actor was not educated—in the generally accepted sense of that word. He attended school from 1849 to 1851 in London, but in the latter year he was taken from school and placed in a lawyer's office as a clerk and later in the counting room of a mercantile firm. Such training as he received for the stage—toward which he early evinced a strong natural propensity—was obtained from association with an "elocution club" and with theatrical performances by amateurs.

IRVING'S OWN VIEW OF HIS ACTING

HE LEFT the counting room in his eighteenth year, and he made his first appearance on the regular stage on September 18, 1856, at Sunderland, Durham, acting Gaston, Duke of Orleans, in the good old play of "Richelieu." From that day till the day of his death—a period of more than forty-nine years—he remained on the stage, and in the course of that time he played 671 parts of actual record; and when thoughtful consideration is given to the broad range of characters through which he passed, the opulent resources of imagination and invention that he displayed, his superlative faculty of impersonation, and the incomparable variety and versatility of his artistic method, the belief seems warranted that—in the fullness of his powers and at the summit of his career—he was the greatest actor of whom there is any record. He certainly swayed the stage throughout English-speaking countries as no other actor has ever swayed it. The scope of his professional achievement is indicated by the fact that he gave living, impressive, authoritative identity to such sharply contrasted characters as Hamlet and Corporal Brewster, Macbeth and Alfred Jingle, Iago and Jeremy Diddler, Dr. Primrose and Bill Sikes, Shylock and Don Quixote, Cardinal Wolsey and Robert Macaire, Richard III and Charles I, Malvolio and Benedick, Lesurques and Dubosc, Mathias and Becket, King Arthur and Louis XI, and



Irving as Vanderdecken in "The Flying Dutchman," after a pen-and-ink drawing by Robert Blum in 1880

Mephistopheles and Eugene Aram. The biographies of David Garrick record that he was equally true and supremely effective in King Lear and Abel Dragger. His range must have been great, but that of Irving manifestly was greater.

The parts in his repertory that Irving best loved were Hamlet and Becket. On one occasion, speaking to me of Fanny Kemble's reading of "Hamlet"—which he said was hard, cold, and metallic—he signified his feeling relative to the central character by the expressive designation "that sweet, gentle, lovely creature." The character of Becket he held in reverence. "Tennyson was inspired," he said, "when he wrote that part, and the inspiration descended on him straight from heaven"; and then, with tears in his eyes, he repeated the passage about the wild fowl sitting, dead, upon her stone-cold eggs and "the mother love" that runs through all the world. One line from Becket was often on his lips:

"Men are God's trees and women are God's flowers."

Irving's estimate of his acting was sincere, and, when occasion arose, was freely expressed. In conversation he would speak of his impersonations always frankly and with childlike simplicity. He highly and rightly esteemed his embodiment of Shylock. "My Shylock," he said to me, "is the best that has ever been given." His performance of Dr. Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield—to my mind one of the most beautiful of dramatic achievements—he did not value as I did; he thought there was too much "waiting" in it, that it did not enlist his full powers and keep him sufficiently occupied. In speaking of his much-commended personation of Dubosc, he said: "It is easy; all the Bill Sikes parts are easy." He dissented in conversation with me from the estimate which I had expressed of his wonderful performance of Mephistopheles—a performance which, to me, seemed the inspired embodiment of heaven-defying audacity and wicked power. He valued it, but he valued other performances far more. After seeing many repetitions of his Mephistopheles and studying it with scrupulous care, I found no reason to alter my opinion. He disliked Corporal Brewster. "Old age is often dreadfully selfish," he said, "and this old man is utterly so"; but he knew the matchless excellence of his personation of

the poor veteran of Waterloo, and he considered the pathos of that embodiment and the vivid, admonitive contrast of conditions which it affords full justification for its presentment.

HE THOUGHT HIS KING LEAR BEST

ONE of the few indecisions of Irving's professional life was shown in his treatment of the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," a play which he several times resolved to produce and as often laid aside. "Cymbeline," he told me, "except for Imogen, isn't worth a d— for the stage—neither is 'Coriolanus.'" We often discussed those subjects and many others, and I always had occasion to observe the penetrative intellect that he had applied to them, the intensity with which he had thought, and the thoroughness with which he had studied. It was impossible to be in Henry Irving's company without being aware of a great stimulant to the mind. He could give a reason for every conclusion he had reached as to the art of acting and for everything he had done in the exercise of it, and his reasons always were strong and commanded respect. "The best thing I ever did," he said to me, "was my performance of King Lear. They would not have it," he added, "but it was my greatest work. All around that play there is an awful atmosphere of danger—mystery—omen—whispering in corners—plotting by night—something terrible impending. My performance was *psychological*, and I know it was right. I wish you had seen it." The "paradox of acting"—the possession and display of great strength by a broken old man—is apparent in King Lear. Irving played the part for the first time on November 10, 1892, at the London Lyceum, and it was generally accounted a failure. From all that he said to me, and from what I know of the play and the actor, I believe that if he were alive now to act King Lear his personation would receive public indorsement of his high estimate of it.

At the time of my first meeting with Irving he had entered on his fortieth year. I was then making my first visit to England. It was on a rainy night, after a performance at one of the London theatres, and I had repaired to a rendezvous of genial spirits. The room was brightly lighted, and when I entered it, from the dark street and the dusky little stairway, my eyes were momentarily dazzled, but I saw a long table, covered with a snow-white cloth, on which were gleaming dishes and glasses, and I was aware of the presence of many persons. One of them, a tall, slender, handsome man, dressed in a negligent, elegant garb, including a jacket made of gray velvet, rose, came forward, and extended a hand of welcome. "I am glad to see you," he said; "I found the letter of introduction that you left at my lodging. All here are your friends. I am Henry Irving."

In those words the great actor greeted me, at a midnight hour, in the spring of 1877, at a cozy little club in King William Street, near Toole's Theatre, and in that way our acquaintance began—an acquaintance which soon ripened into a friendship that never was broken, though it was interrupted twenty-eight years later by his death. The company was gay and various. Irving was attentive, gracious, and gentle. Ever afterward, in all my knowledge of that fine spirit (and later, as years rolled by, it was my privilege to be with him many times and in many places, and to possess his affection and confidence), I never found any change in the lovely refinement and grace of his manner. If ever a man was born a prince, Henry Irving was that man. Such was my first impression of his personality, and subsequent observation of him abundantly confirmed it.

HIS FIRST CHANCE

AT THE time of our first meeting, though his greatest popularity and power still lay before him, his professional distinction was already extraordinary. About seven years earlier it had been suggested to Edwin Booth by his brother-in-law, the comedian John S. Clarke, that he lease the London Lyceum and alternate between that house and Booth's Theatre in New York. That astute plan, after having been approved, was abruptly rejected by Booth on an impulse of momentary annoyance and a golden opportunity was lost. Not long afterward the Lyceum was leased by the American manager H. L. Bateman, who opened it on Septem-



dignitary whatsoever. Every movement tending to the good of the theatre he practically helped. Every influence that he deemed injurious to it he sternly opposed. To him the theatre was a temple and the right administration of it a solemn duty. He resented every attack that was made on his profession. He would not, for even an instant, permit any disparagement of it to pass unrebuked. He opposed all the fads, fripperies, and follies with which speculators in public "amusement" all around him were encumbering the stage and degrading the vocation of the actor. He contemned the music hall. He opposed the Ibsen movement. He detested and despised the "Problem Play" and emphatically expressed his aversion to it. He habitually chose for theatrical illustration great subjects, whether in comedy or tragedy, and in the presentment of them he enlisted the auxiliary aid of the ablest representatives of the various other arts whom his magnetic personality could attract and his profuse liberality reward. In his management of the London Lyceum, which extended over a period of twenty-four years—from December 30, 1878, to July 19, 1902—he raised the institution of the theatre to a social eminence which it had not before occupied, and he erected a standard and provided an example

On the left, as Cardinal Wolsey, a rôle to which he gave living and authoritative identity. On the right, as Hamlet—a photographic copy of the painting by Sir Edwin Long with the personal inscription: "To William Winter from Henry Irving: 'With all my Love I do commend me to you' & yours"



her, 11, 1871, presenting his daughter, Isabella Bateman, as Fanchette in "Fanchon"—Henry Irving acting Landry Barbeau. Bateman had seen Irving in "The Two Roses," had taken a fancy to his acting, and had engaged him as a member of the company assembled to support his daughter. That engagement proved the turning point in Irving's career, and though his great success was, fundamentally, the consequence of what he was and what he did, it is a pleasant remembrance for Americans that it was an American who first practically recognized that actor's genius and gave him opportunity when opportunity was most essential to his advancement.

THE GREATEST SERVICE OF ALL

BATEMAN did not, at first, prosper in his management of the Lyceum. Several experiments were tried. George Belmore was starred. Scenes from "Pickwick" were offered, in which Irving acted Alfred Jingle. It was not until, yielding to Irving's repeated urgent persuasion, Bateman produced "The Bells"—an English version by Leopold Lewis, materially altered from the original French drama called "Le Juif Polonais"—that the tide of fortune turned in his favor. That production was effected on November 25, 1871. One of Irving's intimate and trusted friends, George Lowndes, told me that, on the previous night, at a late hour, he walked to and fro for a long time with the actor in the little street at the rear of the Lyceum Theatre, listening to his earnest talk of the manner in which he purposed to treat the part of Mathias in the forthcoming play, and trying to believe that the actor's sanguine expectations would be fulfilled. "I deeply sympathized with him," said that stanch friend, "but I had no faith in the play, and I was grieved for him, and as I parted from him I could only say: 'Well, Irving, I am sorry for you.'" Irving received no encouragement. Bateman, believing that Mathias, being "a burgomaster," must, necessarily, be a fat man, had laughed at the fancied image of the tall, slender, nervous Irving in such a part. A version of the French play, produced at the Alfred Theatre, November 13, under the name of "Paul Zegars," had failed. Nobody except the actor himself believed that success with "The Bells" was possible, but his faith was firm, and the manager, playing his company to miserable business, was willing to make the trial. The result was decisive. A prodigious triumph vindicated Irving's judgment. The play was acted 151 consecutive times in the season of 1871-72, and Irving's wonderful performance of Mathias—commingling character, imagination, intellectual power, passion, pathos, and beautiful art—materially advanced him toward leadership of the dramatic profession. From that time Bateman believed in Irving with all the flaming intensity of fanatical devotion.

The greatest service, because of its beneficent consequences, that Irving rendered to the theatre was his conscientious, incessant, insistent, effectual assertion of the importance of the actor's art and the dignity of the stage. In public and in private, everywhere and on all occasions, he maintained that acting is one of the learned professions, and that the actor is as much entitled to the respect of society as the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, the college professor, or any other



As Thomas à Becket, in "Becket." The parts that Irving loved best were Hamlet and Becket. "Tennyson was inspired," he said, "when he wrote the part of Becket"

which have ever since been emulated and followed. The members of the dramatic profession, whether in Great Britain or America, are indebted to Henry Irving more than to any other person of their profession for the esteem, whether practical or theoretical, in which their calling is held, because it was Henry Irving who made it understood that the actor is not a mountebank but a gentleman and a scholar, and that the theatre is one of the most potent agencies of civilization. That is an important fact, and one that should be kept in remembrance. If there were no solid basis for the theatre, if it possessed no title to public respect, inherent in its essentiality to the public welfare, it would at once sink to the level of a trade.

HE HAD HIS TROUBLES

ON A DAY in the autumn of 1899 it chanced that Irving and I were driving in Central Park, New York, and in the course of that drive he related to me, in detail, certain trials through which he had passed after the accident which disabled him on the occasion of his second revival of "King Richard III," December 19, 1896, at the Lyceum. The underlying cause of his breakdown at that time was trouble in his private life—ingratitude and disappointment. The performance on the night of the revival of "King Richard III" had been successful, and after it ended, though wearied almost to

death, he had entertained friends at supper—according to his hospitable custom on nights of signal endeavor. On reaching his lodging in Grafton Street he made a misstep on a crooked stairway, and falling, he sustained what proved to be a serious hurt. With much difficulty he contrived to drag himself to his bedroom, where, in extreme pain, he fell helpless on his bed. No persons were near. His reclusive habit in his home had banished the housekeeper and servants to remote quarters in the rear of the building. It was long before he could manage to reach a bell pull and ring for assistance. A doctor was then called, who found that the kneecap in his right leg had been injured. Measures for relief were promptly taken, but more than two months passed before Irving was able to resume acting, and within that time the Lyceum had lost much money. Then came two theatrical productions—"Peter the Great" and "The Medicine Man"—which failed, augmenting the loss, and those misfortunes were succeeded by a fire which consumed the valuable scenery, only partly insured, that he had accumulated for the setting of thirty-six plays.

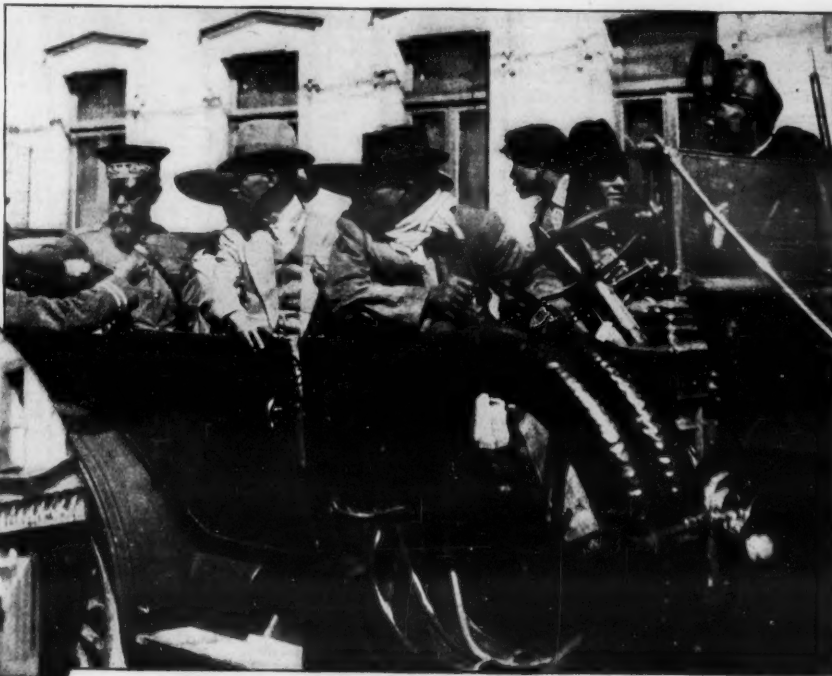
HE SWALLOWED THE INSTRUMENT

MORE calamitous than all, in the autumn of 1898 he was taken ill with pneumonia, and from about the middle of October till about the middle of the following April was incapacitated for acting and compelled to stay in retirement. The illness came upon him in Glasgow, a city which in rainy weather is exceptionally dreary, and for many weeks of a stormy season he was obliged to remain there. Later he went to the milder clime of Bournemouth and there began preparation for reappearance in the new play of "Robespierre."

Irving, in his narration of the ordeal thus indicated, dwelt on many incidents. One of the worst trials came when he believed that his troubles were over. "When at last I had recovered," he said, "I thought I would make a final call on the doctor in London and make sure that all was right. He was a kind, good fellow and a good physician, but he was careless that day. He welcomed me and said he wished to take another look at my throat. He looked, and he remarked that a little spraying would do good. He put the instrument into my mouth and sprayed the throat for a few moments, and then started backward, turning very pale. I asked him what was the matter. 'The tip of the instrument—you have swallowed it!' he exclaimed. 'Well, I said, 'what shall I do?' I had no painful sensation, but by his desire we called in another physician and stated the case. The two doctors retired for a consultation, after which I was informed that no present need existed for doing anything. I then returned to my lodging. The day was dark and wet. I felt that my shoes were damp, and, stooping to take them off, I was instantly aware of a sharp pain in the throat. The pain ceased when I stood up. I went back to the doctor, and found him nervous and frightened. He said he knew another doctor who could make use of the X-ray and proposed that we should visit him. We went. It was about two o'clock and we were told he was absent and would not be home till five. I went back to my room and sat there alone, thinking it over. Rather a dreary time, not knowing

(Continued on page 13)

Mexico Finds the Sword Mightier than the Pen



Upper picture: General Delgado inspecting lines of Federal troops in Mexico City.
At the left: Just after a shell explosion in the street before the cable office

Battle and Butchery in the Capital

FOR a dispatch to flash across 2,000 miles of copper wire is a matter of seconds, but the photograph that ought to appear as its illustration may not arrive until a fortnight later. This is the editorial dilemma in handling news from Mexico. The mail bag brings pictures of field marshals in motor cars and of streets where shells are bursting, but the telegraph reports a later era in which there is more cold-blooded butchery than battle. Victoriano Huerta is ruling with the sword where Francisco Madero failed to rule with the pen; many more Madero supporters have been murdered; and Porfirio Diaz

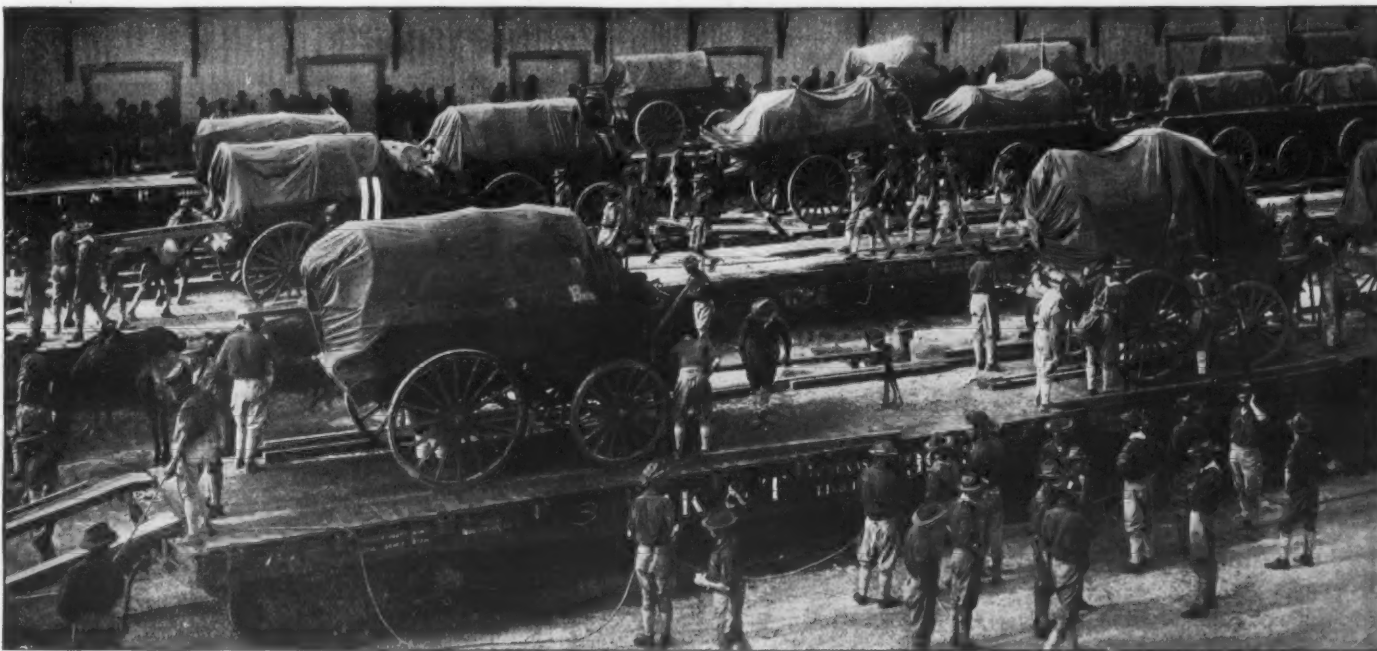
soon is to make his triumphant return from Europe—probably to witness the election of his nephew Felix as Mexico's next President. Huerta's way of handling revolts is to allow them to get a fair start without interference; then to "round up" and slaughter the ringleaders without troubling to bring any cases into court.

Rebellion in North Mexico

IN THE capital the machine guns of the Dictator are the voice of authority, but they are not so much respected in some of the unsubdued States of the north. Nor has the proximity of American troops in Texas made these Mexican border States less restless.



An example of how serious the damage to property in the Mexican capital has been is shown in this picture of the effects of the Federal guns upon Bucareli Street



Troops unloading a wagon train at Galveston, preparatory to marching to Fort Crockett and Texas City. The division comprises seven regiments of infantry and one of artillery. The 7,000 men in camp near Texas City complain that they are living on land that is little more than a swamp. Tent stakes pull out of the soft ground, and mosquitos prevent sleep



Suffrage Celebrates under Difficulties

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Dr. Anna Shaw, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, in her scholar's cap and gown. She has degrees from three universities and she wore the "colors" of all of them

IN THIS day of "talking movies" it is necessary to chronicle what Mrs. Richard Burleson, marshal of the March 3 suffrage parade in Washington, is indignantly demanding of the commander of the police escort in the action picture printed at the head of this page: "Why do you allow wagons to keep breaking through our lines all the time we are parading?" The stupidity or indifference of the Washington police was so conspicuous that it attracted attention from a notable pageant of 5,000 women. The police allowed spectators to crowd into the streets until the way had to be cleared by volunteers from a cavalry troop; and many of the marchers were insulted by ruffians while patrolmen stood by and grinned. Congress is to investigate. The suffrage allegory played on the steps of the Treasury Building shared honors with the parade in the "Votes for Women" celebration and was not so rudely received. It was acted without a "barefoot dance."



Miss Inez Milholland, parade herald. The float advertises the purpose of the celebration: "We demand an amendment to the United States Constitution enfranchising the women of the country"



A group of voters-to-be waiting for the delayed parade



Representatives of countries where women have votes



Mr. Wilson ordered his military escort to allow the crowd to come closer, and the throng went forward at a run

Proclaiming a New President

TALL, thin, pale, shaken with the excitement of the most dramatic moment of his life, Woodrow Wilson raised his right hand to take the oath of office as President of the United States. The cheers of acres of spectators thronging before the east façade of the Capitol suddenly subsided. Chief Justice White held out an open Bible, Mr. Wilson was sworn in, and a new President was proclaimed with a roar of artillery and cheering. His predecessor—a picture for contrast—stood by, complacent and rosy, and, when the ceremony was ended, bowed farewell and smiled. Record crowds watched the ceremony and the long parade that followed it. An hour before Mr. Wilson's inauguration Thomas R. Marshall was sworn in as Vice President.



A "good morning" greeting at the White House while cameras clicked in salute



The Presidential coach leaving the White House grounds on the way to the inauguration, with Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft guarded by cavalry and secret service men



A Temporary Law Mill

Missouri's Legislature is grinding out new laws this session in a mill house of wood and stucco. The temporary Capitol is to be torn down when the new Jefferson City State House is completed in 1917.



Remembering "Uncle Remus"

A memorial that has both a sentimental and a practical appeal is that which the Uncle Remus Association has dedicated to the late Joel Chandler Harris by opening to the public his Atlanta, Ga., cottage.

The Dunnes Entrain for Springfield

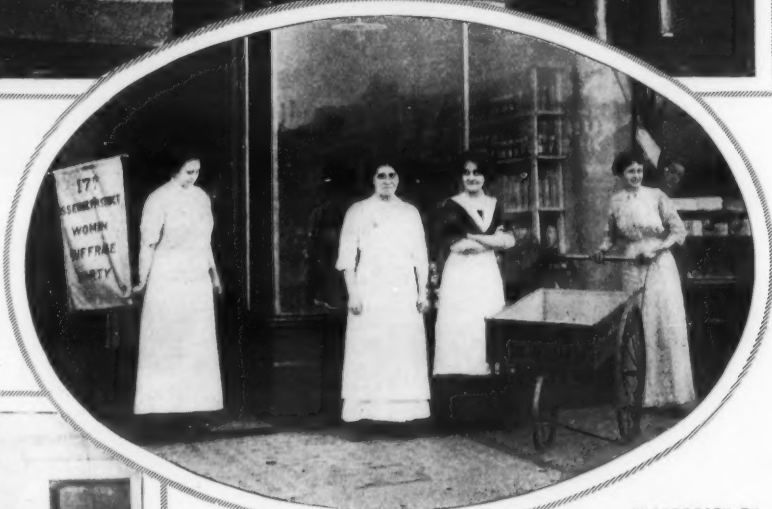
THIS is not an excursion. It is Edward F. Dunne, the new Governor of Illinois, with his wife and a few of their family, waving good-by to Chicago. When the entire family is gathered the count is twelve, so it is evident that in the excitement of departure somebody got shuffled into the background. Perhaps one of the eleven-year-old twins, Geraldine or Jeannette.

Dispatches relate that on arrival at the executive mansion most of an afternoon was required to assign the party to its rooms, and that particular satisfaction was expressed by some of the younger members of the family because the front yard was "big enough for football."

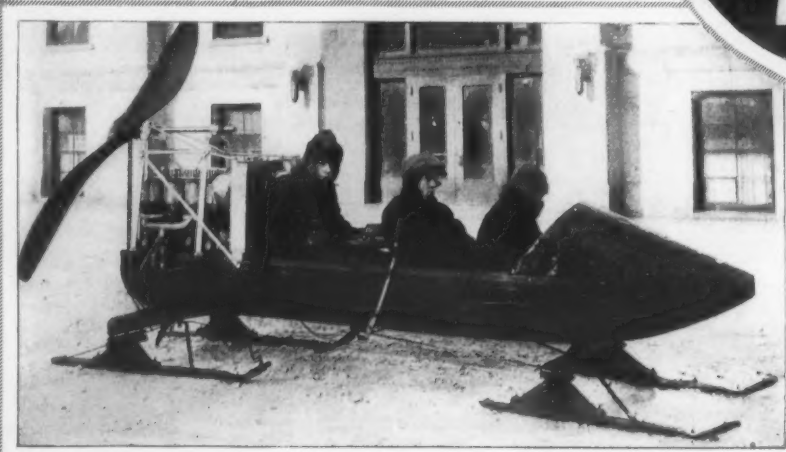
This is the largest family that ever has occupied the Illinois executive mansion; and its head is the first Democratic Governor the State has had in twenty years.

A "Votes for Women" Pure Food Store

NOVELTY-LOVING Broadway has found one more new sensation. A new white store on New York's White Way is run by woman suffragists. It is described as a "pure-food shop," and everything it sells, even to the eggs, is labeled "Votes for Women!" A farmer's wife supplies country sausages and unsalted butter; a woman chef gives free instruction in cooking and advice upon how to reduce the cost of living. One of the special window attractions is "the most beautiful young suffragist in the district" demonstrating a washing machine. Thus far shopkeeping has seemed pretty much of a lark to all the force but the unfortunate young person who delivers orders with a conspicuously yellow "Votes for Women" pushcart.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE



A Dakota Aerosnowbile

THE disappointing performance of motor sleighs in the British Antarctic Expedition has not made inventors lose faith in the final success of the idea. Among recent experiments is that of a Grand Forks, N. Dak., youth with a combination boat and sled, driven by a four-cylinder gasoline motor and an aeroplane propeller. He has been able to skim over the snow at as high a speed as sixty miles an hour, and believes that on an unobstructed prairie the machine could attain nearly one hundred miles an hour. The boat is fourteen feet long, with room for three passengers. For lack of a better name, it is being described as an "aerosnowbile."

A Pastoral



by H. E. Len

Then They Stole Away

IT WAS just twelve when the man pushed the hall bell-button of the third flat. He waited impatiently for the buzzer's note. When it came, he bounded up the stairs, in spite of his twoscore years, with the vim of a boy.

The woman who met him on the third-floor landing with outstretched hands was promptly gathered into his arms. She held up a warning finger to check his boylike ardor. Hers was the beauty of maturity. Her eyes were bright with health, and every movement of her body betokened the full vigor of womanhood.

She was dressed for walking—not along the smooth city pavements, but through the great out-of-doors. The skirt she wore was of a texture to defy the thorn and tangled underbrush, and a long black coat gave an added protection. She carried a small black bag, in which, in addition to powder and puff and hand glass and handkerchief, were some sandwiches. The man carried a camera.

THEY ran down the stairs holding hands like a boy and girl, out into the warm air of a perfect October day. They two had long planned for this day. On the previous evening they had anxiously scanned the newspapers to see what the weather would be on the morrow. They had talked about the woods they were to visit and the nuts they would gather just as if they were children instead of "grown-ups." Now they were really off. The day was perfect. "The gods are surely good to their people," said the man. The woman smiled up at him, and at once the world was brighter for him than it had been. There was a reek of gasoline in the air from the stream of passing motor cars, so they turned off on a side street and soon boarded an elevated train. Like children, they forgot to get transfers and laughed gleefully when they had to pay a second fare. Everyone about them seemed to be happy. The woman looked at a fat baby boy in his mother's arms in the seat opposite and he answered her smile at once. The man, glancing at her sidewise, thought he saw the glitter of tears in her eyes. He reached over and patted her hand, lying by his side. She knew what he meant, and closed her fingers over his as if they had been those of the baby boy on whom the unspoken thought of her mother heart had been fixed.

Then for a time they discussed learnedly a new problem in business psychology in which the man was interested. It pleased him to see how readily she grasped the half-spoken thought, incomplete even in his own mind, and how she carried it to its logical conclusion. Unconsciously his right arm stole over the back of her seat until it lay loosely about her shoulders. She repaid him with a smile, the meaning of which was for them alone.

AS THE houses became more and more scattered and the green fields came into view, they sat in silence, enraptured with the beauty of field and forest, clothed in the magnificence of early autumn. Most of the trees still held their leaves, but here and there many had fallen. Under the maples, particularly, the greensward was nearly hidden by a carpet of red and gold which the weavers of earth may imitate but never equal. The hickories had already given up their foliage and stood bare and sear amid the glowing colors of oak and of maple, of chestnut and of birch. The woods from the window of the rapidly moving car presented a mass of color too great and too rich to be analyzed by the retina of the human eye for individual tints. With each mile

the gorgeousness of the coloring grew. The man and woman were silent now, but the pressure of his hand on her shoulder as a peculiarly brilliant bit of foliage came into view spoke louder than words.

Presently there was a new tang in the air. Off to the east lay the great lake, and its message of beauty was borne to them on the mist-laden air currents through the open car window. The train stopped at a small station. "Let's get out," said the woman. The man rose and stood aside to let her precede him down the aisle. She tripped down the car steps, her little heels beating an impatient tattoo on the metal sills, and sprang to the ground like a girl. The man followed. "The lake is just down there," said the motorman, who, too, seemed to understand without being told about their quest.

They were twenty miles from the flat house. They were a thousand miles from it in spirit. With utter abandon they plunged into the beauty and magnificence all about them. They were again boy and girl, with all of life's illusions secure, starting out together. They laughed at the littlest things—when she tripped over a stone and he sprang forward to save her from falling. Their hands touched and a score of years dropped from them. Behind the kindly screen of a huge pine he gathered her into his arms and held her closely as if to imprison forever the priceless moment that was theirs. She raised her face to him, and the kiss he gave her seemed to send a new thrill through their being. They wandered on with no thought of direction, caring for nothing except to prolong the happy moment. Spanish needles clung to the woman's skirt and some fastened themselves upon her silk-clad ankles. She raised her skirts with the abandon of childhood and extended her foot to the man, who sank to his knees and picked off the intruders with fingers that were tremblingly eager.

Then on and on through brush and bramble, past scrub and chestnut oak, birch and silver poplar, until at last the swish of breaking waves on the beach reached them. Running to the edge of the bluff, they saw, a hundred feet below, the great expanse of Lake Michigan, stretching away for miles and miles until it merged with the mist-laden sky in the distance. They stood entranced by its beauty. Behind them the sun, already low in the sky, shed a golden radiance over land and water, a radiance broken into myriads of diamond points by the restless wave feet stumbling on the

shore, and falling shattered into millions of particles, each reflecting from a thousand facets the colors of the rainbow. Way out a white sail, like the wing of a gigantic gull, was outlined against a cloud bank. At their feet a boat tugged at its anchor as if it, too, would fain be off.

There was not a jarring note anywhere. It must have been a scene like this when the morning stars sang together at creation's dawn, and the man and the woman standing there on the bluff, their shadows stretching away hundreds of feet before them, might have been the primal pair, so far were they removed from the sordid city with its pent houses and small-souled folk content to dwell therein.

Presently the man remembered his camera. Touching his companion on her shoulder, he motioned for her to stand beside a pine tree whose branches overhung the cliff. She did. The man made a picture of her there with the almost level rays of the sinking sun on her face, with wisps of wind-blown hair making a halo for it, and with the wave-torn lake and the cloud-covered sky for a background. The picture might appropriately have been called "The Renaissance of Youth."

Then they stole away.

NOW they were again in the woods. They laughed at a chattering squirrel, scolding because in his haste to get away from them he had dropped the nuts he was carrying to his winter's storehouse. They threw clubs at the bare branches of a young hickory to dislodge a solitary nut still remaining. They jumped over logs and ditches, and after a while, just a bit tired, though neither would admit it, they found a seat by a huge oak on the bank of a deep ravine. There they ate their luncheon. The richest delicacies never tasted half so good as the sandwiches and pickles they were now enjoying. Their finger bowls were pools filled with water clear as crystal by the brookside; for napery they had handfuls of fragrant leaves. Having refreshed their bodies,

There They ate their Luncheon

they now feasted their souls on the riot of color spread by Nature's master hand on the mile-wide canvas before them. The man told a tale of an artist friend who confessed to a maddening realization of human limitations whenever he beheld one of Nature's masterpieces such as this. The woman merely said: "I understand."

As they sat thus, close together, their hands met. The
(Concluded on page 29)



REDMOAT

The Third of the Fu-Manchu Stories

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by J. C. Coll



NIGHT fell on Redmoat. I glanced from the window at the nocturne in silver and green which lay beneath me. To the west of the shrubbery, with its broken canopy of elms and beyond the copper beech which marked the center of its mazes, a gap offered a glimpse of the Waverney, where it swept into a broad. Faint birdcalls floated over the water. These, with the whisper of leaves, alone claimed the ear.

Ideal rural peace, and the music of an English summer evening; but to my eyes, every shadow holding fantastic terrors; to my ears, every sound a signal of dread. For the deathful hand of Fu-Manchu was stretched over Redmoat, at any hour to loose strange Oriental horrors upon its inmates.

"Well," said Nayland Smith, joining me at the window, "we had dared to hope him dead, but we know now that he lives!"

The Rev. J. D. Eltham coughed nervously, and I turned, leaning my elbow upon the table, and studied the play of expression upon the refined, sensitive face of the clergyman.

"You think I acted rightly in sending for you, Mr. Smith?"

Nayland Smith smoked furiously.

"Mr. Eltham," he replied, "you see in me a man groping in the dark. I am to-day no nearer to the conclusion of my mission than upon that day when I left Mandalay. You offer me a clue. I am here! Your affair, I believe, stands thus: A series of attempted burglaries, or something of the kind, has alarmed your household. Yesterday, returning here from London with your daughter, you were both drugged in some way, and, occupying a compartment to yourselves, you both slept. Your daughter awoke, and saw some one else in the carriage—a yellow-faced man, who held a case of instruments in his hands."

"Yes. I was of course unable to enter into particulars over the telephone. The man was standing by one of the windows. Directly he observed that my daughter was awake, he stepped toward her—"

"What did he do with the case in his hands?"

"She did not notice—or did not mention having noticed. In fact, as was natural, she was so frightened that she recalls nothing more beyond the fact that she strove to arouse me, without succeeding, felt hands grasp her shoulders—and swooned."

"But some one used the emergency cord and stopped the train!"

"Geba has no recollection of having done so."

"Hm! Of course no yellow-faced man was on the train! When did you awake?"

"I was aroused by the guard, but only when he had repeatedly shaken me."

"Upon reaching Great Yarmouth you immediately called up Scotland Yard? You acted very wisely, sir. How long were you in China?"

Mr. Eltham's state of surprise was almost comical.

"It is perhaps not strange that you should be aware of my residence in China, Mr. Smith," he said; "but my not having mentioned it may seem so. The fact is—his sensitive face flushed in palpable embarrassment—"I left China under what I may term an episcopal cloud! I have lived in retirement ever since. Unwittingly—I solemnly declare to you, Mr. Smith, unwittingly—I stirred up certain deep-seated prejudices in my endeavors to do my duty—my duty. I think you asked me how long I was in China? I was there from 1896 until 1900—four years."

"I recall the circumstances, Mr. Eltham," said Smith, with an odd note in his voice. "I have been endeavoring to think where I had come across the name, and a moment ago I remembered. I am happy to have met you, sir."

The clergyman blushed again like a girl,

and slightly inclined his head, with its scanty fair hair.

"Has Redmoat, as its name implies, a moat round it? I was unable to see in the dusk."

"It remains. Redmoat—a corruption of round moat—was formerly a priory, disestablished by the eighth Henry in 1536." His pedantic manner was quaint at times. "But the moat is no longer flooded. In fact, we grow cabbages in part of it! If you refer to the strategic strength of the place"—he smiled, but his manner was embarrassed again—"it is considerable. I have barbed-wire fencing, and—other arrangements. You see, it is a lonely spot," he added apologetically. "And now, if you will excuse me, we will resume these gruesome inquiries after the more pleasant affairs of dinner."

HE left us.

"Who is our host?" I asked, as the door closed.

Smith smiled.

"You are wondering what caused the 'episcopal cloud'?" he suggested. "Well, the deep-seated prejudices which our reverend friend stirred up culminated in the Boxer Risings!"

"Good Heavens, Smith!" I said, for I could not reconcile the diffident personality of the clergyman with the memories which those words awakened.

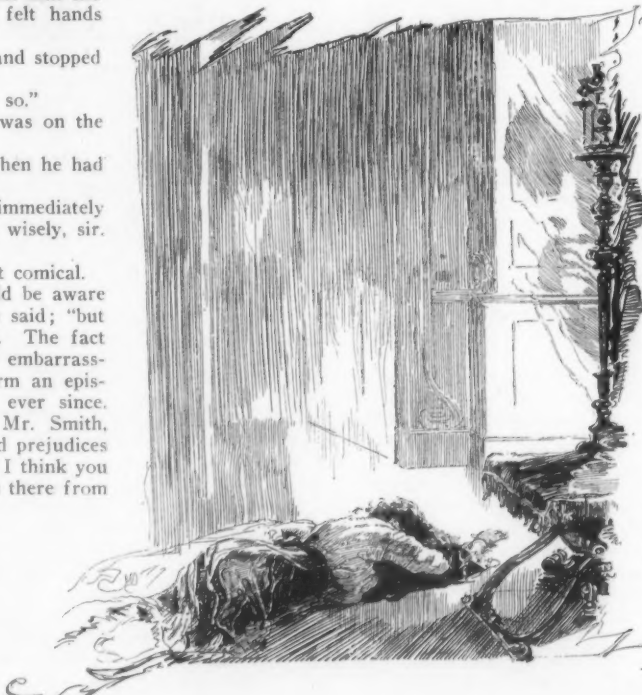
"He evidently should be on our danger list," my friend continued quickly, "but he has so completely effaced himself of recent years that I think it probable that some one else has only just recalled his existence to mind! The Rev. J. D. Eltham, my dear Petrie, though he may be a poor hand at saving souls, at any rate has saved a score of Christian women from death—and worse!"

"J. D. Eltham—" I began.

"Is 'Parson Dan'!" rapped Smith—"the 'Fighting Missionary' the man who with a garrison of a dozen cripples and a German doctor held the hospital at Nan-Yang against two hundred Boxers! That's who the Rev. J. D. Eltham is! But what he is up to now I have yet to find out. He is keeping something back—something which has made him an object of interest to young China!"

"Redmoat," said the Rev. J. D. Eltham, "has latterly become the theatre of strange doings."

He stood on the hearthrug in his library. A shaded lamp upon the big table and candles in ancient sconces



upon the mantelpiece afforded dim illumination. Mr. Eltham's nephew, Vernon Denby, lolled smoking on the window seat and I sat near him. Nayland Smith paced restlessly up and down the room.

"Some months ago, almost a year," continued the clergyman, "a burglarious attempt was made upon the house. There was an arrest, and the man confessed that he had been tempted by my collection—" He waved his hand vaguely toward the several cabinets about the shadowed room.

"It was shortly afterward that I allowed my hobby for playing at forts to run away with me." He smiled an apology. "I virtually fortified Redmoat—against trespassers of any kind, I mean. You have seen that the house stands upon a kind of large mound. This is artificial, being the buried ruins of a Roman outwork, a portion of the ancient *castrum*." Again he waved indicatively, this time toward the window.

"When it was a priory it was completely isolated and defended by its environing moat. To-day it is completely surrounded by barbed-wire fencing! Below this fence, on the east, is a narrow stream, a tributary of the Waverney; on the north and west, the highroad, but nearly twenty feet below, and the banks are perpendicular. On the south is the remaining part of the moat—now my kitchen garden; but from there up to the level of the house is nearly twenty feet again, and the barbed wire must be counted with."

"The entrance, as you know, is by way of a kind of cutting. There is a gate at the foot of the steps (they are some of the original steps of the priory, Dr. Petrie) and another gate at the head."

He paused, and smiled around upon us boyishly.

"My secret defenses remain to be mentioned," he resumed; and opening a cupboard he pointed to a row of batteries, with a number of electric bells upon the wall behind. "The more vulnerable spots are connected at night with these bells," he said triumphantly. "Any attempt to scale the barbed wire or to force either gate would set two or more of these ringing! A stray cow raised one false alarm," he added, "and a careless rook threw us into a perfect panic on another occasion!"

He was so boyish—so nervously brisk and acutely sensitive—that it was difficult to see in him the hero of the Nan-Yang hospital. I could only suppose that he had treated the Boxers' raid in the same spirit wherein he met would-be trespassers within the precincts of Redmoat. It had been an escapade of which he was afterward ashamed, as, faintly, he was ashamed of his "fortifications."

"But," rapped Smith, "it was not the visit of the burglar which prompted these elaborate precautions!"

Mr. Eltham coughed nervously.

"I am aware," he said, "that, having invoked official aid, I must be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Smith. It was the burglar who was responsible for my continuing the wire fence all round the grounds, but the electrical contrivance followed later as a result of several disturbed nights. My servants grew uneasy about some one who came, they said, after dusk. No one could describe this nocturnal visitor, but certainly we found traces. I must admit that."

"Then I received what I may term a warning. My position is a peculiar one—a peculiar one. My daughter, too, saw this prowling person over by the Roman *castrum*, and described him as a yellow man. It was the incident in the train, following closely upon this other, which led me to speak to the police, little as I desired to court publicity."

NAYLAND SMITH walked to a window and looked across the sloping lawn to where the shadows of the shrubbery lay. A dog was howling dismally somewhere.

"Your defenses are not impregnable after all, then?" he jerked. "On our way up this evening Mr. Denby was telling us about the death of his collie a few nights ago."

The clergyman's face clouded.

"That certainly was alarming," he confessed. "I had been in London for a few days, and during my absence Vernon came down, bringing the dog with him. On the night of his arrival it ran, barking, into the shrubbery yonder, and did not come out. He went to look for it with a lantern, and found it lying among the bushes, quite dead. The poor creature had been dreadfully beaten about the head."

"The gates were locked," Denby interrupted, "and no one could have

I saw Miss Eltham prone by the French windows—her hands outstretched

got out of the grounds without a ladder and some one to assist him. But there was no sign of a living thing about. Edwards and I searched every corner."

"How long has that other dog taken to howling?" inquired Smith. "Only since Rex's death," said Denby quickly.

"It is my mastiff," explained the clergyman, "and he is confined in the yard. He is never allowed on this side of the house."

Nayland Smith wandered aimlessly about the library.

"I am sorry to have to press you, Mr. Eltham," he said, "but what was the nature of the warning to which you referred, and from whom did it come?"

Mr. Eltham hesitated for a long time.

"I have been so unfortunate," he said, at last, "in my previous efforts that I feel assured of your hostile criticism when I tell you that I am contemplating an immediate return to Ho-Nan!"

SMITH jumped round upon him as though moved by a spring.

"Then you are going back to Nan-Yang?" he cried. "Now I understand! Why have you not told me before? That is the key for which I have vainly been seeking. Your troubles date from the time of your decision to return?"

"Yes—I must admit it," confessed the clergyman, diffidently.

"And your warning came from China?"

"It did."

"From a Chinaman?"

"From the Mandarin Yen-Sun-Yat."

"Yen-Sun-Yat! My good sir! He warned you to abandon your visit? And you reject his advice! Listen to me!" Smith was intensely excited now, his eyes bright, his lean figure curiously strung up—alert. "The Mandarin Yen-Sun-Yat is one of the seven!"

"I do not follow you, Mr. Smith."

"No, sir! China to-day is not the China of '98. It is a huge secret machine, and Ho-Nan one of its most important wheels! But if, as I understand, this official is a friend of yours, believe me he has saved your life! You would be a dead man now if it were not for your friend in China! My dear sir, you must accept his counsel."

Then, for the first time since I had made his acquaintance, "Parson Dan" showed through the surface of the Rev. J. D. Eltham.

"No, sir!" replied the clergyman—and the change in his voice was startling—"I am called to Nan-Yang. Only One may deter my going!"

The admixture of deep spiritual reverence with intense truculence in his voice was dissimilar from anything I ever had heard.

"Then only One can protect you," cried Smith, "for, by Heaven, no man will be able to do so! Your presence in Ho-Nan can do no possible good at present. It must do harm. Your experience in 1900 should be fresh in your memory!"

"Hard words, Mr. Smith!"

"The class of missionary work which you favor, sir, is injurious to international peace. At the present moment, Ho-Nan is a barrel of gunpowder; you would be the lighted match. I do not willingly stand between any man and what he chooses to consider his duty—but I insist that you abandon your visit to the interior of China!"

"You insist, Mr. Smith?"

"As your guest I regret the necessity of reminding you that I hold authority to enforce it!"

DENBY fidgeted uneasily. The tone of the conversation was growing harsh and the atmosphere of the library portentous with brewing storms.

There was a short, silent interval.

"This is what I had feared, and expected," said the clergyman. "This was my reason for not seeking official protection."

"The phantom Yellow Peril," said Nayland Smith, "to-day materializes under the very eyes of the Western world!"

"The 'Yellow Peril'! My dear Mr. Smith!"

"You scoff, sir—and so do others! We take the proffered right hand of friendship nor inquire if the hidden left holds a knife! The peace of the world is at stake, Mr. Eltham. Unknowingly, you tamper with tremendous issues."

Mr. Eltham drew a deep breath, thrusting both hands in his pockets.

"You are painfully frank, Mr. Smith," he said, "but I like you for it! I will reconsider my position and talk this matter over again with you to-morrow."

Thus, then, the storm blew over. Yet I had never experienced such an overwhelming sense of imminent peril—of a sinister presence—as op-

pressed me at that moment. The very atmosphere of Redmoat was impregnated with Eastern devilry; it loaded the air like some evil perfume. And then through the silence cut a throbbing scream—the scream of a woman in direst fear.

"My God! it's Greba!" whispered Mr. Eltham.

IN WHAT order we dashed down to the drawing room I cannot recall. But none was before me when I leaped over the threshold—and saw Miss Eltham prone by the French windows.

These were closed and bolted, and she lay with hands outstretched in the alcove which the windows formed. I bent over her. Nayland Smith was at my elbow.

"Get my bag," I said. "She has swooned. It is nothing serious."

Her father, pale and wide-eyed, hovered about me, muttering incoherently; but I managed to reassure him, and his gratitude when, I having administered a simple restorative, the girl sighed shudderingly and opened her eyes, was quite pathetic.

I would permit no questioning at that time, and on her father's arm she retired to her own rooms.

It was some fifteen minutes later that her message was brought to me. I followed the maid to a quaint little octagonal apartment, and Greba Eltham stood before me, the candlelight caressing the soft curves of her face and gleaming in the meshes of her rich brown hair.

When she had answered my first question, she hesitated in pretty confusion.

"We are anxious to know what alarmed you, Miss Eltham."

She bit her lip, and glanced with apprehension toward the window.

"I am almost afraid to tell father," she began rapidly. "He will think me imaginative, but you have been so kind. It was two green eyes! Oh! Dr. Petrie! they looked up at me from the steps leading to the lawn! And they shone like the eyes of a cat!"

THE words thrilled me strangely.

"Are you sure it was not a cat, Miss Eltham?"

"The eyes were too large, Dr. Petrie. There was something dreadful—most dreadful—in their appearance! I feel foolish and silly for having fainted twice in two days! But the suspense is telling upon me, I suppose. Father thinks"—she was becoming charmingly confidential, as a woman often will with a tactful physician—"that shut up here we are safe from whatever threatens us." I noted with concern a repetition of the nervous shudder. "But since our return some one else has been in Redmoat!"

"Whatever do you mean, Miss Eltham?"

"Oh! I don't quite know what I do mean, Dr. Petrie! What does it all mean? Vernon has been explaining to me that some awful Chinaman is seeking the life of Mr. Nayland Smith. But if the same man wants to kill my father, why has he not done so?"

"I am afraid you puzzle me!"

"Of course—I must do so. But—the man in the train. He could have killed us both quite easily! And last night some one was in father's room!"

"In his room?"

"I could not sleep, and I heard something moving. My room is the next one. I knocked on the wall and woke father. There was nothing, so I said it was the howling of the dog that had frightened me!"

"How could anyone get into his room?"

"I cannot imagine. But I am not sure it was a man!"

"Miss Eltham, you alarm me. What do you suspect?"

"You must think me hysterical and silly—but while father and I have been away from Redmoat perhaps the usual precautions have been neglected. Is there any creature—any large creature—which could climb

up the wall to the window? Do you know of anything with a long, thin body?"

For a moment I offered no reply, studying the girl's pretty face, her eager, blue-gray eyes widely opened and fixed upon mine. She was not of the neurotic type, with her clear complexion and sun-kissed neck; her arms, healthily toned by exposure to the country airs, were rounded and firm, and she had the agile shape of a young Diana, with none of the anemic languor which breeds morbid dreams. She was frightened—yes; who would not have been? But the mere idea of this thing which she believed to be in Redmoat, without the apparition of the green eyes, must have prostrated a victim of "nerves."

"Have you seen such a creature, Miss Eltham?"

She hesitated again, glancing down and pressing her finger tips together.



"We are fools! Loose the dog! If anything human lurks there, he will lead us to it!"

"As father awoke, and called out to know why I knocked, I glanced from my window. The moonlight threw half the lawn into shadow, and just disappearing in this shadow was something—something of a brown color, marked with sections!"

"What size and shape?"

"It moved so quickly I could form no idea of its shape, but I saw quite six feet of it flash across the grass!"

"Did you hear anything?"

"A swishing sound in the shrubbery—then nothing more."

SHE met my eyes expectantly. Her confidence in my powers of understanding any sympathy was gratifying, though I knew that I but occupied the position of a father confessor.

"Have you any idea," I said, "how it came about that you awoke in the train yesterday while your father did not?"

"We had coffee at a refreshment room; it must have been drugged in some way. I scarcely tasted mine, the

(Continued on page 33)



The Great Awakening

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

When, after Winter's lonely hours,
And long, hushed days of dread and
gloom,
There come the army of the flowers
And the wild rush of blade and bloom;

Expectant at Life's door we sit,
And to the ancient dream still cling,
And hearken to the exquisite
Mad pæan of the waking Spring.

O loveliness beyond all words!
Immortal magic on the hills,
The *Jubilate* of the birds—
How the old wonder leaps and
thrills!

Green grow the leaves upon the boughs,
Each leaf a word on God's great scroll;
O let me wander through His house,
And feed my famished wintry soul!



Try this home-made candy.
It is pure and good.

Crisco Chocolate Fudge

2 cupsful sugar
1/2 cupful milk
Pinch of salt
2 oz. chocolate (2 squares)
2 teaspoonfuls Crisco
1 teaspoonful vanilla
(Use level measurements)

Boil sugar, milk, salt, chocolate and Crisco until there is a soft ball when tested in water. Remove from fire, let stand until lukewarm, add vanilla and beat until creamy. Pour on paper greased with Crisco and mark off in squares.

You will be surer of having pure, rich, harmless confections if, in all your recipes, you will follow the hint in this one:—Use Crisco.

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Ghosts

By WILL MACMAHON

LIVER-LIP SAM was big and exceedingly black, and as game a darky as ever shook a 'possum out of a persimmon tree. He was the only darky in the county who ventured into the woods at night with his hound dog and left the lantern and torch at home.

When Major Pursell offered five dollars to anyone willing to stand guard from dusk to dawn in a haunted house on his Bitter Swamp plantation, Sam promptly claimed the opportunity. The major nominated a starless night, and specified that the candidate must leave his dog behind, otherwise the reward might be wasted in encouraging an impromptu 'possum hunt in the near-by swamp.

Sam found a comfortable rocking chair in the dining room of the deserted mansion. As night came on he lighted an oil lamp and calmly took up his long vigil with a mind strictly to the benefits accruing from that easy five dollars.

When at length he judged that the hour must be nearly five of the morning, he opened a window and looked out for the expected graying of the sky. The night was still pitch dark. Then he heard afar off in the town the slow tolling of the midnight hour.

"Dat co'tehouse clock am mighty slow," mused Sam, "or else de sun done been delayed somewhahs."

He turned around, and there beside the lamp sat a huge white cat with red eyes. Its tail was wrapped about the chimney.

"You and me," said the cat in all friendliness, "are the only ones here."

"Yessah!" Sam agreed heartily; "an' as soon as Ah gets froo dis windah, yo'-all am gwine to be de only one heah!"

He leaped to the ground and started running toward town. Inside of a half mile he had to pass the graveyard. Here he met a man stumbling alongside the road. Sam thought him one of the white trash habitual drunkards from over back yonder in the foothill settlement.

The man carried his head under his arm. The head spoke admiringly.

"Nigger," it declared, "you sure are some runner."

"Mebbe so, mistah!" Sam conceded, pantingly, "but dat was a walk compa'd to what Ah'm gwine show yo'-all now!"

He lit out on his tiptoes. After about a mile of record breaking Sam sank down on a log to puff and fan himself with his hat. Looking over his shoulder he saw a figure sitting beside him. It, too, was puffing and fanning.

Sam noted with a start that he could see right through the stranger to a white birch sapling in the background, just as if his neighbor were made of glass.

(Concluded on page 24)



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In short, here's perfection in speed indication that never has been attained before—precision, steadiness and durability, the result of the ability and the will, to surpass everything else ever done in this field.

Don't you want to see the New Jones Speedometer before any other is put on your car?

The World's Final Authority

Jones Precision has gained for Jones Instruments a world-wide reputation. In a 2,000-mile test—lasting 30 days—of 15 different speedometers by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, in which were American and foreign makes, the Jones won first prize on all points by wide margins. The Jones showed no variation and no wear, and was given the club's gold medal. And this club is known as the final authority in all questions of motor car efficiency.

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Tests at Columbia University, Armour Institute, and by the United States Bureau of Standards, on several rival speedometers, showed inaccuracies

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The result is that motorists—the thousands who know—as well as the Fire and Police Departments of nearly all cities here and abroad, now use the Jones as standard.

Used by 11 Foreign Rulers

These many tests have gained notable converts. The King of England, Emperor of Germany, Czar of Russia, the Kings of Spain, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Italy and Siam use the Jones Speedometer on their private motors. So do the Presidents of Switzerland and France. These men who can buy the best, and have every facility for seeking it out, and who usually test out all leading makes, choose the Jones at last. But thousands are buying without making tests because they know the facts. They take the word of other owners who have tested out the New Jones for them.

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Men are using the original Jones they bought on their fifth and sixth cars today. One Jones, lately testified to by its owner, has traveled 120,000 miles without any adjustment and without any fault. He was putting this instrument on his new car. This Jones outlasted four automobiles. There are thousands of cases like it, but owners expect it and make nothing of it.

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The Jones Speedometer is sold under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction

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Illustration of Instrument about three-fourths actual size

The character of Jones Instruments and Jones Service is indicated by the character of the several Jones Buildings. There are three factories making Jones instruments.



The New Jones Model 75 With clock and electric light attachment. 80-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset.

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SPEEDOMETER

of Modern Construction, the Accuracy of which is Unaffected by Dynamos, Climate, Heat or Cold

The Gyroscope Principle

Not Affected by Dynamos

The New Jones, lacking everything magnetic, is entirely unaffected by dynamos, climate, cold or heat. The Gyroscope Principle brings the speed itself up into the speedometer where it is reproduced on a Gyroscope. The speed of the car is simply transferred to it. The indicating hand connects directly with the gyroscope, and moves as the gyroscope and the car move together.

The resistance of the road to your car is the force that moves both car and gyroscope. Exactly so does the gyroscope move the hand. The speed of the gyroscope is the speed of the car. The hand points to that speed.

Insert a hose in a tank, attach a pump to it and get the pump in action. Water comes up and flows through the spout.

The speed of your car comes up through the Jones cable and through the new Speedometer in almost precisely that manner. The actual speed "flows" through the Jones indicator almost as the water flows out of the spout.

That's all there is to the Gyroscope Principle, invented by Mr. Jones as applied to speed indication. The wonder of it is in its utter simplicity.

An Invariable Force

There is no surer way to indicate speed than to reproduce it. And there's one way to do that accurately—the way it is done in the New Jones Speedometer. An invariable force is thus produced without any lapses, without any bridging, and without any outside forces affecting it. The rest merely means calibrating a dial, a question of simple mathematics.

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Jones Speedometers aren't built in a hurry. From the time parts are cut until the work is finished, six months of work has been put upon it. We put in our time in obtaining accuracy rather than in complicated construction. We imported 12 German machines at a cost of many thousands of dollars, simply to make one part. We finish Jones parts to the accuracy of one ten-thousandth part of an inch. There are thousands of inspections

—and each New Jones, in 16 running tests, must agree with a master instrument. That is why the New Jones lasts and stays accurate. That is why it's preferred. Don't you think you prefer it, too?

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The Jones catalog has much of interest to tell to the buyers of speedometers, reports of experiments and tests, and other detailed facts. Send for it before you have any speedometer attached to your motor car.

Get These Features

Gyroscope principle unaffected by dynamos, climate, heat or cold.

Large, steady pointer indicator, as easy to read in the dark as your watch.

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Unbreakable shaft with ball-bearing swivel joint.

Instant reset of trip odometer.

Registers forward through car backs.



The New Jones Model 60
70-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset.

Price.....\$60
Same, with clock and electric light additional. Price, \$100

Illustration of instrument about four-fifths actual size

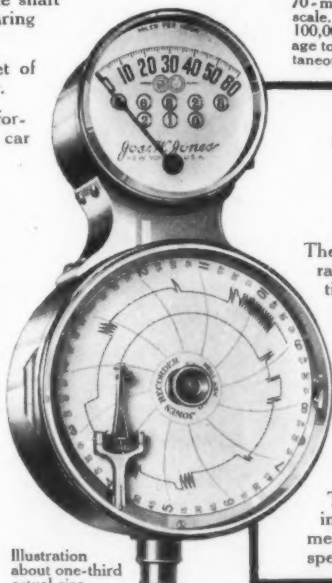


Illustration about one-third actual size

The Jones Autolog The Recording Speedometer

The Jones "Gyroscope-Principle" Speedometer which keeps accurate record of every movement of the car, telling the speed, the time of day, the time the car stands idle, the time spent in motion, and the speed at which it ran while in motion. An interesting record for efficient chauffeurs and car owners. An accountant for operating expense that gives many suggestions for cutting down upkeep.

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Ghosts

(Concluded from page 21)

"I reckon that was a fine race we had," remarked the transparent apparition.

"Yessah!" Sam rejoined; "dat wuz a nice li'l contest, white folks, but nuffin' like de one we-all am gwine to hab right now!"

This time he sprinted away faster yet. In about two minutes he overtook an antlered Virginia white-tail deer going in the same direction and badly frightened.

Said the deer sympathetically: "I'll pace you, brother."

"Gangway!" yelled Sam as he leaped ahead; "dey ain't no cow in dis whole worl' what cain put a rockin' chair on her haid an' lead me when Ah'm in a hurry!"

Sam did not stop until he reached

Major Pursell's town house. There he awakened his erstwhile employer, and the major came down to the door.

"Well, well, Liver-Lip!" he exclaimed testily, "I thought you were going to stay all night in the Bitter Swamp house. It's only ten minutes after twelve. Why, you're all out of breath! Did anything frighten you, coon?"

"Who, me, sah?" expostulated Sam indignantly. "No, sah, Ah'm not a-scared ob nuffin' nohow! But Ah earned dat money so easy up till midnight dat Ah thought it on'y fair to run right down heah, boss, an' save yo'-all two dollahs an' fifty cents! Yessah!"

Conservation from a Colorado Viewpoint

By a Critic of the Government

COLORADO was founded upon and has prospered through conservation—the conservation that affords and does not withdraw opportunity, hence the bitter resentment felt toward a Federal control of natural resources that acted without knowledge and upon a blind theory.

The Government holding of any property or the control of any industrial element is that of a trustee for distribution to those who comply with equal and impartial requirements. This general control must be modified and limited to fit it to the particular industry of the particular State affected. A vast public domain politically controlled is a constant menace to good government. Its constant distribution means constant advancement in development.

IN the distribution of waters, the Constitution declares that the water of every natural stream is the property of the public and dedicated to the use of the people of the State, also with a right of way over intervening lands to convey water from the stream to irrigate non-abutting lands. In Colorado the ownership of the waters is in the public, with the use to the man who applies them to a beneficial purpose. To attract pioneers, industrious men, but men without capital, Federal legislation enlarged, for a time, the rights upon public land—first, the homestead, to be acquired by a continuous residence of five years; the preemption claim, to be paid for at \$2.50 per acre any time after six months' improvements; the tree claim, to be acquired after maintaining a certain growth of timber. This was narrowed in 1891 to the homestead only of 160 acres, but within three years it has been found advisable, upon the desert portions of the State, to enlarge the claim to 320 acres. Coal lands have invariably been sold to the settler (the surface being farmed) at \$20 per acre within twenty miles of any completed railroad, and \$10 per acre outside of that limit.

Under these conditions the distribution of the public domain passed, equitably, into the hands of the men who made homes and communities of desirable citizens. Speaking in terms of comparison, the land, or the naked opportunity, is but five per cent and the exploitation and full development expended by the locator is ninety-five per cent.

As to the forest area, scarcely any of it is over two hundred years of age, because it has been swept by fires at least three times in that period, hence it is safe to say that it is reforested once in every fifty years. Had the forests been withdrawn in 1859, they would have died out, at this date, from natural causes, and under a withdrawal policy would have served no purpose. The first growth supplied the pioneers with firewood and wood for domestic purposes, a passable lumber suited to crude buildings, making habitation possible. Had the forests been withdrawn until this day, the present comer would have received no benefit beyond beauty of the landscape, because he has with him his coal mines, his electric power, his internal combustion engines, and he is independent of the help and protection that the forests gave to the pioneer.

Under the withdrawal policy, coal lands have been arbitrarily raised in price from \$10 per acre to \$150 per acre by rulings of the Interior Department, actuated by the coal-owning railroads. When the Moffat road opened Routt County, the great stock, hay, and agricultural region of northwestern Colorado, of the thousands of people who went in on home-seekers' tickets to make locations, representing not only

families, but communities desiring greater opportunity, less than one hundred got locations. The others were driven away under pretense of trespassing on forest reserves, and the coal lands were out of their reach. In other words, the Government, as exemplified by the Interior Department, demands that the annual heritage and emblems shall come and perish without use by anyone, with no basis in reason and against and in abuse of its governmental functions.

No legislation or policy can anticipate a perfect day when the best use can be made of the lands. That is a question of experiment and growth, and the late comer profits by the experience and faith of the pioneer. The lands settled on in 1866, the year of the Liberal Congressional Act, are now in the hands of the grandchildren, if they are still in the same family. They have supported two generations and are supporting the third, and the same area, under intensive cultivation, is supporting three families where it supported one. In the course of time, nature changes its landscapes and its opportunities, so that the only use and the best use is that of the man first on the ground who reduces them to his own benefit.

In Colorado the irrigation season runs from April to November. After that the waters run to the sea in the usual channels. Within twenty years, by reason of a liberal right of way over public lands, canal and reservoir companies have built reservoirs to conserve the water, and that which served no domestic or irrigating purpose from November until April is now used upon dry lands. The subjugation of land in Colorado to a profitable use requires at least the working life of one generation. If one man wastes his opportunities, the man who follows is equipped to turn the waste to an account. Take the properly designated "slashings" of Michigan and Maine, where the choice timber was cut and the land left a tangled, desolate wilderness. The lumber built cities, roads, bridges, induced a dense population. Now the late comer, with his stump puller and dynamite, reclaims again a virgin land and adds it to industrial use. Under the withdrawal policy, the forests of Maine and Michigan would still be standing; population would have veered to one side and taken less expensive lands. Oklahoma, under the withdrawal policy, would be to-day a wind-swept, scanty pasture land.

IN a night, so to speak, a forty-year policy with regard to Western lands was reversed and the injustice has become intolerable. It has made the people justly resentful, and it has visited its displeasure upon the party in power and the party that caused the injury. There was no discussion of the question; no consultation as to its advisability but a drastic action that has effectually checked population and growth in all the sections included.

Colorado and the West is peopled by the thrifty and upbuilding classes of the East, who have come here for a larger opportunity, and for the Government to ruthlessly step in and by an arbitrary ruling reverse its policy, is to check and eventually destroy a natural, even increase in blind obedience to an ill-founded theory.

The man on the ground knows. He is the product of his conditions, and he will not destroy the elements by which he lives and which serve as a prop to his house.

He in his turn distributes to his heirs. It is the law of industrial evolution, and any government that by ruthlessly obstructing the process, inaugurates a policy that is destructive, will be reversed.



A New Stage Irishman

Amusingly Presented by the Irish Players

By ARTHUR RUHL



THE "news interest" of Mr. Lennox Robinson's play, "Patriots," which the Irish Players are presenting here for the first time, will enliven the American spectator almost as much as its racy flavor and thoroughly delightful comedy. Even those who have progressed from Chauncey Olcott to the stage Irishmen of Mr. Bernard Shaw will find something novel in the patriots depicted here.

The Nugent brothers are busy with the affairs of the "league" when the play opens. A league of fighters once, of passwords, hidden stores of arms, quick blows in the dark, it has become a sort of rural lyceum and lecture bureau. We hear James Nugent, a fussy old maffin who might be the editor of some desiccated literary review, or secretary of a suburban drama discussion society, chattering complacently of the league's progress. There is to be a lecture—very, very interesting—"With a Camera through the Apennines"—and another, rather daring but most significant, on the nationalization of the Irish railways. We see their sister Ann—wife of the league's old fighting leader, James O'Mahoney, in prison these eighteen years—and her crippled daughter. A very Joan of Arc, side by side with her husband in the old days, she never mentions him or them now without a strange coldness and hardness—but she has made their grocery the most successful in the district. The change that has come over things—the new prosperity and the disinclination foolishly to stir up trouble, the gradual wearing away of the old spirit of revolt under the constant drip of English concessions—"sops," O'Mahoney would have called them—all this is revealed with sympathy and penetrating satire. Then comes the thunderbolt. James has been released from prison and is coming back.

He comes unchanged, except in years, to this world grown away from him. To the ingratiating explanations of his brothers-in-law about the thriving condition of the league he interposes: "How many arms—how many rifles—have you got?" His wife, hardened and faded, if not broken, looks back almost with horror to the wild days when, fascinated by his passionate enthusiasm, she threw her whole youth and strength into the hopeless cause. The change in everyone only spurs the old leader to new zeal—he had feared that he would not be needed, and now he finds that he is needed more than ever. So he calls a meeting at the village hall. Two young fellows of the new generation look

with him. The mother interposes, and in the violent moment which follows reveals the secret which has stood between them during his prison years—the daughter was born a cripple, because of the shock to the mother when O'Mahoney, thinking only of escaping arrest, had fought his pursuers from the very room where she was



Miss Sara Allgood, who plays the disillusioned wife in "Patriots"

lying. This breaks O'Mahoney down at last. He has killed men, maimed his own child, spent the best of his life in prison, and what has he accomplished, after all? To build up a new life as best he may, he staggers out, leaning on his wife's arm, followed by the absurd brothers-in-law. The canny old janitor watches them depart, turns down the lights, looks at his watch. "It's only quarter after eight," says he. "There's time to see the movin' pictures yet!"

All through, the author is fair to both sides of the argument. The brothers-in-law are piffling and ridiculous, the wife hard, yet in their regard for peace, and hatred of the old hopeless revolt, they have all the common sense, and perhaps something more, on their side. The intransigent O'Mahoney is an archaic nuisance in the environment to which he returns, yet his bigness and nobility cannot be escaped. Here is a chance for satire—the interplay of these two types, both so fairly put, and at bottom so tragic—with some life and body to it. A play so simple and apparently artless, and yet at once so droll and searching, is not encountered every day.

None of the other plays of the long repertoire is more amusing than Mr. Shaw's "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," which had the honor to be suppressed in England. Really a sermon on the difficulty people have in being as bad as they sometimes set out to be, there was enough Shavian wit and seeming irreverence to catch the eagle eye of the British censor. As played here it is as harmless and taken about as seriously as any good "turn" in a music hall. The scene is in our own Far West, and the combination of conventional Bret Harte color with Mr. Shaw's intellectual fireworks is amusing enough, but, as interpreted with the rich brogue of the Irish Players, funnier still. In one of his characteristic arguments for the "wrong" side of a case, Mr. Shaw endeavors to prove that drunkenness is nature's kindly anesthetic to keep people out of mischief. As long as a man is busy he is safe, but as soon as he is idle, and sober, he is ready for trouble. And one of the characters suggests that the success of Americans is due to the fact that they are always either working as hard as they can or are incapacitated by drink.



Mr. Arthur Sinclair, who takes the part of a "tamed" Irishman in "Patriots"

in before he arrives, but, finding out what is on, languidly shake their heads and go to the moving-picture show. When O'Mahoney arrives there is no one to listen to him. The old war horse determines then to move on to Dublin, where some of the old spirit must still survive, and the crippled daughter declares she will go

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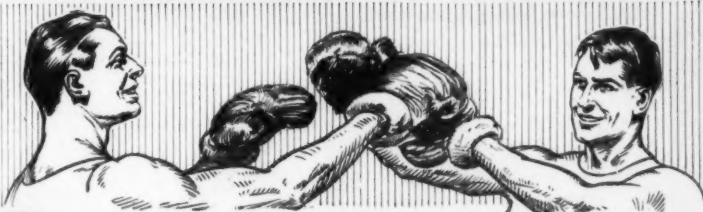
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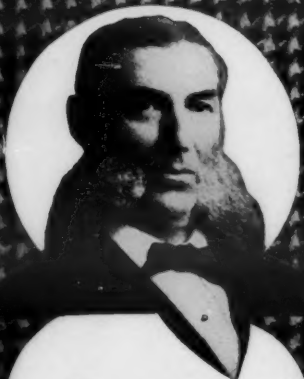
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Milady in Motley

(Concluded from page 9)

dors, Chinamen, Turks, princes in velvet, clowns, and mock policemen intermingled in a vast and schemeless phantasmagoria. For those who did not rise to the height of mask or domino there were the special hatbands, peddled on every corner, to lend luster to the occasion. These bore printed legends typifying that extreme and conventional banality of catchword which passes current as wit with a certain age: "I'll Get You Yet"; "Come and Catch Me, Girls"; "Wink, I'll Do the Rest"; "Kiss Me, Nothing Makes Me Sick"; "Got You, Steve," and so on. Sometimes the legends were homemade and waved aloft on standards or carried, pasted on a suit case or grip. It was all very innocent and naive.

All the world belonged to the casual maskers until the parade arrived. Then they scattered and melted into the crowds, only to reappear as soon as the line of march had passed, to make the city their own again for the rest of the day and night. For their day of glory, twenty-five hours were none too many.

EACH parade, followed by its ball, is conducted by a carnival organization. Secrecy is the hall-mark and fetish of these societies. No one is supposed to know anything about the membership. In comparison, a college fraternity is as open and public as a political rally. A man's own family isn't aware (theoretically) to what group he belongs, or whether he belongs to any. If he disappears at stated intervals, they may guess; but they will do well to keep their surmises to themselves.

Men plot and pull wires quietly, and work connections to get into these groups, very much as is done for the senior societies in Yale, of which, by the way, they are amusingly reminiscent. And the cost is no small matter. Still, admittance is considered cheap at any price, and many a festive youth economizes on board and everyday clothes to go, once in the year, garmented like the gods. To paraphrase Mr. Belloc's lyric lay of the yak, it may be said of a membership in a fashionable carnival society that:

"It is better to have than a coach or a yacht.

*If your family's exceedingly rich
They will purchase you one—or perhaps
they will not;
I cannot be positive which!"*

All expenses of the parade and the ball are defrayed by the members of the particular group giving it, be it Momus, Comus, or Proteus. All invitations come from them anonymously, and for visitors—an amusing touch—must be left in the care of "some well-known citizen." It might seem that their one night of glory is small return for the outlay for the year of planning and devising. But the true son of Milady doesn't think so. He is well repaid. The elfin spirit is in him. Then, too, he gratifies his instinct for hospitality, and finally, one may guess, experiences that stern joy which patriots feel in putting on a false nose and going out to caper in the highways for the honor of their native city.

CANDOR compels the admission that there is a palling similarity about all the carnival balls which no differentiation of scenic background or costuming can allay. They are held in the old French Opera House, an aged and picturesque barrack of a place, peculiarly ill-fitted for this kind of function. Disbanding from the parade, the maskers take their places on the stage around the throne on which the King reclines, the process being hidden from the massed guests in front by the curtain. After a long delay this rises, and then comes the really eye-filling phase of the spectacle.

In a wide, deep crescent traversing the whole width of the stage, the silken-clad mummerys, bedizened in every hue of the rainbow, shining with fairy gold and silver, glistening with mock jewels, move, swaying and swinging rhythmically down,

a joyous army, to claim their partners. I have seen many colorful spectacles in many corners of the world, but nothing with quite the same thrill in it as that leaping, dancing, color-crested wave of youth and revelry.

For more than an hour the masks hold the floor with their partners. Then is seen the pretty spectacle of Maidenhood fronting the Mystery; questing with vision aslant for the Man behind the mask. When the "black coats"—the male guests—come in, the stage is thronged. It is all very decorous. No turkey trots; not even the Boston; "conventional dances only," as the announcements put it. To me, looking on, the dancing seemed inexplicably poor and halting, until I had my turn and found myself on the worst floor that I have ever bumped and jostled over. Just why a carnival society should spend a year's labor of planning and thousands upon thousands of dollars to make a really superb pageant, and then crown it by a ball given on a floor about as smooth as a plowed field, somebody else must answer. I can't.

Early hours are the rule. Perhaps no one can stand that surface long. For whatever reason, the dances close at 1.30 or 2, although not under way until well after 10.30. Another rule is, I believe, peculiar to the city. Every member of each club binds himself strictly to abstain from all forms of alcoholic drink for the entire day and evening of his organization's fête. Whether there is ever any breaking over, I cannot say. But certainly not at any of the several balls which I attended was there the slightest evidence of infringement of the rule. Milady New Orleans, as I have said, is preeminently a well-bred old lady.

IT was all over. The last dance of the latest-reveling, noncarnival club had merged into "Home, Sweet Home." Dawn was beginning to tinge the skies again when I came out into the littered thoroughfare. Canal Street still glowed fitfully in patches. But a chill wind had swept it clear of maskers. On a corner I espied a familiar figure with three faces. The high shoulders drooped. Under the fierce hues of the paint ran haggard lines. Cerberus of the Encindered Eye was palpably awary. But he still had his courtly bow to greet me with.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit," he warbled. "Bird thou never wert. At least, owl thou never wert, or you wouldn't be exhibiting the instinct of the homing pigeon at this ripe hour."

A vagrant gust picked up a torn wreath of ruined flowers, and whisked it to his feet. He lifted it.

"The last leaf," he said. "The final and appropriate garland."

"Dead; dead and done for! Swift from shine to shade

The roaring generations flit and fade!

I, too, flit and fade," he added. "But first to find a brow worthy of this crown."

Glancing about him he discerned, in a shelter formed by the angle of one of the hastily constructed parade stands, an urchin of ten or eleven, huddled, fast asleep. The head had fallen back. Furrows of forgotten tears streaked the still face. Stepping softly, Cerberus set the dead blossoms at a fantastic angle above the brow. The boy stirred and shivered a little. A many-hued cloak was part of my unknown guide's costume. This he stripped off and gently tucked it about the dreaming waif; then drew back, nodding repeatedly, as one who approves a satisfactory completion, and misquoted from his ready, stumbling memory:

*"Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with dead leaves he stands,
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold, immortal hands!"*

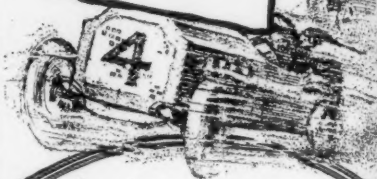
He looked down at the sheen of the magnificent cloak covering the boy's shabby clothing. "At least there will be one magic awakening from the day of glory," he said.

Homeward Bound

*There's a pine-built lodge in a craggy
mountain glen
In the shag-breasted motherland that
bore me;
And the west wind calls, and I'm turning
home again
To the hills where my heart is gone be-
fore me,*

*Where a lake laughs blue when the dip-
ping paddles gleam,
Where the wild geese are following
their leader,
Where the trout leaps up from the silver
of the stream
And the buck strikes his horn against
the cedar. —ARTHUR GUTTERMAN.*

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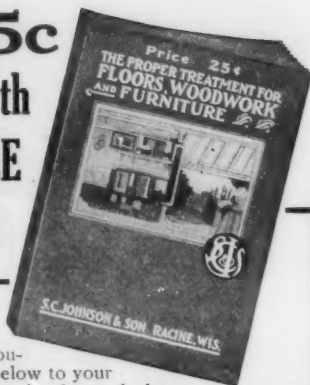
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The Leisure Hours of Men

SAMOA, CAL., Feb. 1, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IN COLLIER'S of the 25th ultimo I read a letter from a Mr. Oscar Rustad, a saloon keeper of Moorehead, Minn. In part Mr. Rustad says: "But the point I want to get at, Mr. Editor, is: With what are you going to replace the American saloon? Where, oh where, is my friend 'Jock,' 'Bill,' 'Tony,' etc., going to spend his holidays or his lay off during a rainy spell? Where is he going to meet his friends and compare notes? Where is he going to get 'two bits' for a bed or one 'short bit' for a meal? Where will he go on cold winter nights to spend an evening?"

FOR the benefit of Mr. Rustad and a few more who look at the saloon question in the same light, I will give you the last fourteen years' history of the little saw-mill town of Scotia, Humboldt County, Cal. Everything in Scotia excepting two churches and a school building is owned by the Pacific Lumber Company. About one thousand men are employed in the mills and other departments. Fourteen years ago the company was running the saloon "wide open." At night, on Sundays, and on lay-off days the saloon, being the only place where the men could meet and "compare notes," was always crowded to standing room. Men were drinking, cursing, quarreling, and fighting. Fighting seemed to be the main amusement. There was always a certain number of men laying off, suffering from the effects of liquor. Four years ago Mr. C. W. Pennoyer of Michigan was elected president of the Pacific Lumber Company. Mr. Pennoyer at once cut the saloon hours to seven out of the twenty-four; closed the saloons on Sundays and all holidays; refused to sell liquor on credit; ordered that no one be permitted to "hang around" the saloon, and that anyone who used liquor while at work was to be discharged.

After all this, what do you suppose the men did? They did the very thing that will be done any other place under similar circumstances. A social club was organized, officers elected, and clubrooms secured. In a very short time the rooms were furnished with the best of chairs, tables, piano, phonographs, billiard and pool tables, a gymnasium, baths, and all kinds of legitimate reading matter—all for the small amount of fifty cents a month dues. Here the men spend the evenings, Sundays, and lay-off days. Singing and debating are encouraged, and there are special evenings for entertaining ladies.

IN the last few years four fraternal societies have been organized in Scotia—two for men and two for women, and all have a splendid membership. Two churches have been built; both have good attendance. Two banks are the latest additions—a postal and a First National—and both are doing a big business. I walked into Scotia on a Sunday morning fourteen years ago, and I could see men under the influence of liquor in all directions—some of them completely overcome by it. I again walked into Scotia on a Sunday morning six months ago, and I could see well-dressed men with respectful countenances, pleasant and cheerful, and I afterward learned that practically everyone had a bank account. I could see bright, neatly dressed children coming from Sunday school; men and women going to church or on their way to visit their neighbors. Now which is the best: The town with the saloon or the town without the saloon? I don't suppose that Mr. Pennoyer realizes the good he has done to the men and their families and to himself. To himself because he now has in his employ a far more competent class of men. I take my hat off to the employer who will work for the improvement of conditions in general for the people in his or her employ, thus bringing employer and employee closer together, working for each other's interest, in a friendly, harmonious way. And to you, Mr. Editor, I will say: I have been reading COLLIER'S for many years, and always find it striving for cleaner and purer things in politics and everything else. Many times you have succeeded; sometimes perhaps you have failed; nevertheless, it is the work of noble minds, often unrewarded, but always uplifting mankind. I am not exaggerating things; I never do. I am neither a prohibitionist nor a drunkard. I am a workingman, an American citizen, with the welfare of my country and of humanity foremost in my mind.

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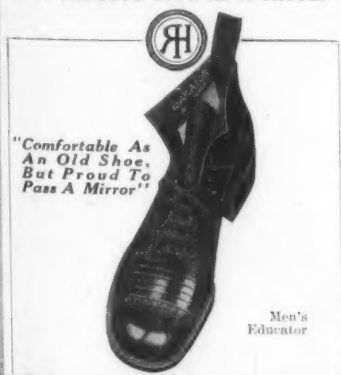
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A Pastoral

(Concluded from page 17)

man looked into his companion's face and saw in her eyes a look which made him long to lay his head on her breast and have her run her fingers through his hair—to have her "mother" him.

By now the sun was nearly down and they began to think of going back. Neither wanted to go; both knew they must. So they turned reluctant feet toward the west where there were trolley cars and steam-heated flats. A ravine lay in their path. They decided to cross it instead of going round. Down, down they rushed, crashing through brush and undergrowth, until the turgid stream at the foot was reached. "We will cross the raging torrent on this fallen log," declared the man. The woman ran lightly across. He followed more slowly. In midstream the log gave way under his weight and one foot went into the water. He quickly extricated himself, however, and together they climbed the bank, reaching the top breathless and disheveled.

While the woman was rearranging her tousled hair, the man, at her direction, gathered a great armful of branches covered with beautifully tinted leaves. It was an unspoken effort to carry back into the sordid city some of the beauty and glory of the day that was now nearly done.

THE way of the car lay through a park closed for the season. At the exit they found locked gates. After some search they found a small gate, secured only by an iron bar. The man lifted this from its hasps and opened the gate wide enough to get through. As he closed it he said to his companion: "I'm not going to lock the gate on this beautiful day. We will want to reenter it many times again." And she replied: "Oh, yes, indeed we must."

An hour later the man and woman slowly ascended the stairs of the flat house. On the third landing the man laid his armful of branches on a small table, and, turning the woman's face toward it, he took her in his arms and kissed her once, twice, three times. "Dearest," he said, "remember the gate is not locked."

Then he ran down the stairs. The woman stood quite still until she heard the hall door close. Then she sank into the chair by the table and buried her face in the cool leaves.

The day was done.

Memories

(Continued from page 12)

but the thing in my throat might shift and choke me to death at any moment. At five o'clock my doctor and I were with the fortunate possessor of the X-ray. He was much interested and asked several questions. While replying, the pain in my throat became severe. I almost strangled—a violent cough shook me—and out came the steel tip of the instrument and fell on the floor. It had been lodged in the larynx and had remained there. Both doctors agreed that the muscles had been so strengthened by long use in acting that they were able to hold the piece of steel, which, if it had entered the windpipe, would have caused my death." I asked Irving whether he had felt alarmed during all the time of this perilous experience. "No," he answered, "not in the least; I was merely annoyed."

HIS THOUGHTFULNESS

ONE morning in the old Plaza Hotel in New York, where Irving several times lodged, we had been talking of the relief of Mafeking and of the gallant defense of that place by Baden-Powell—his intrepid spirit and indomitable resolution. "He is a great man," said Irving; "he has done a great thing. I should like to send a message to him. I think it would please him; I know it would." Then, after a pause, he added: "I'll send a cable." Bram Stoker, Irving's expeditious business manager, while sympathetic with the feeling and the purpose thus signified, expressed doubt whether a dispatch could be sent through to Mafeking, and also mentioned the cost. "Never mind," said Irving. "we'll try it. He's a great man. He has done a wonderful thing." Then he dictated this cable: "Well done. Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!—Henry Irving, New York." Stoker remarked that the words "New York" at the end were not necessary and would increase the charge. Irving, however, insisted that

(Continued on page 32)

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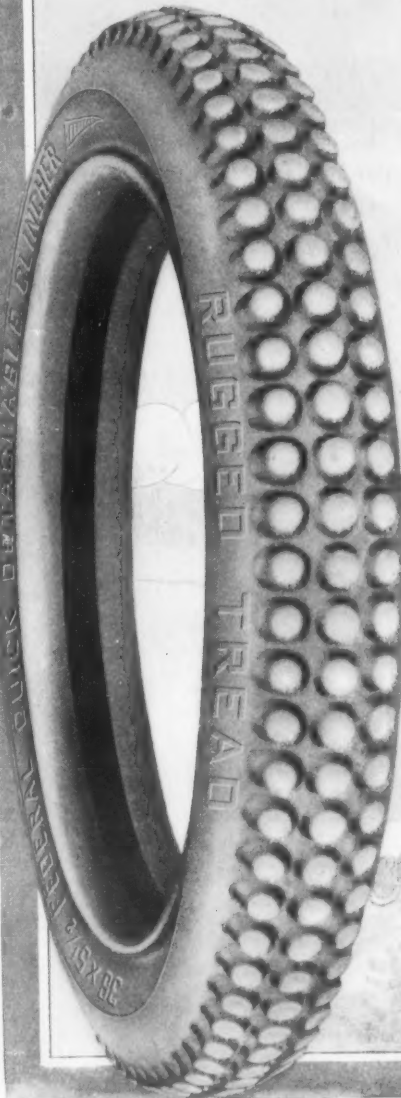
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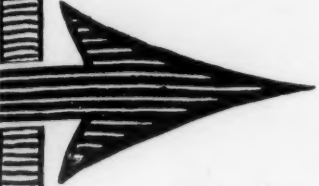
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We maintain and operate the largest chain of speedometer service stations in the world.

We have more service stations than all the other speedometer manufacturers combined.

We can afford this expensive and extensive equipment because we make more speedometers than all the other manufacturers combined.

POSSIBLY the vital necessity and many advantages of speedometer service has never occurred to you—so listen: Suppose you were touring, we'll say, out west. Approaching Denver you had a slight accident, and disabled your speedometer shaft, or put your road wheel gear out of commission. The minute you got into Denver you would go straight to the Warner branch—have a fresh shaft put on—your Warner inspected, and tested by an expert—then you're off.

Or if you wanted your Warner transferred from one car to another; or if you wanted your odometer reset at the end of a season; or if you had larger tires put on your car which would necessitate changing your road wheel gear, all you have to do is to go to our service station in your city and have the adjustment properly made by a factory expert. Such local service as this no other speedometer manufacturer can give.

That's real convenience and prompt service—isn't it? No bother, worry or trouble. But, suppose the speedometer on your car had no service behind it. Suppose you had to send to the factory and wait days or weeks for the necessary part. All distance, speed, routes, mileage, and connections would be lost track of. And probably what is most important of all, you would lose your check on your tire service (most tire companies make these adjustments strictly on odometer readings). That would be mighty inconvenient and annoying, for there is nothing more aggravating than a dead speedometer.

All Over The World

Warner users are extended Warner service in every important city in Amer-

ica—in the world, for we maintain a permanent branch in every country—the world over. You will find Warner stations all over the United States, England, France, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, South America and India. Warner users are never inconvenienced. No matter where you are, you can find Warner service within your reach. On the opposite page we show a few of our numerous branches.

Each one of this great chain is maintained and run by our home office. Each service station is a direct factory branch; has a Warner manager (factory trained) under whom is a complete force of factory trained Warner men. Each service branch carries a complete stock of all parts, in addition to a full stock of complete instruments.

Field supervisors make regular monthly visits to each one of our service branches. This force of supervisors examine the daily report of each man of each department. Each individual tester and inspector must report on every test, inspection and adjustment in detail.

In addition to this we travel a special corps of men to inspect, assist, and superintend all factory installations. We protect every automobile manufacturer by assuring him of correct installation.

Besides this we travel a staff of engineers to visit all factory engineering departments.

A Tremendous Investment

We have hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in this service.

In fact we have more money invested in service stations than most speedometer manufacturers have in their entire

We travel the largest force of specially trained factory experts and pay more individual attention to manufacturers and owners than any other speedometer manufacturer in the business.

The expense is enormous. But our big production makes it practical. No smaller manufacturer could stand it.

Over 98% of all the high priced cars that are carrying standard equipment are equipped with Warners.

business. These branches form the most thorough and comprehensive chain of speedometer service stations in existence.

The expense is enormous. No smaller manufacturer could stand it.

But our tremendous volume of business makes it possible.

Our service stations pay-roll, alone, is larger than the entire factory pay-roll of most speedometer manufacturers.

We are constantly opening and equipping new service stations.

We keep in touch with the growth of automobiles in every section of the country. We get special reports from the Secretaries of State showing all automobile registrations. As the number of cars increase, in given localities, we open new service stations.

Our Expert Organization

We employ the best men in the business. We have the best speedometer engineers—the best production men—the most skilled watch makers. Our whole organization is made up of young—live—speedometer experts who are eager to serve you as you would be served—quickly—courteously—and promptly.

Thus you have a faint idea of Warner service—what it is, and what it means to you as a car owner.

The car that is equipped with a magnetic Warner Auto-Meter is on a par with a Warner itself—which is acknowledged, by the majority of the world's leading automobile manufacturers, to be the best speedometer made—both in principle—operation and construction.

Handsome catalogue—gratis.

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Pioneer
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Giant Marguerite Carnation

which blooms in four months from the time of sowing. I will also send you my bargain collection of **Spencer Sweet Peas, Giant Orchids**, flowering type, **Nasturtiums, Dwarf Chameleon**, mixed, **Royal Show Pansies, Asters**, finest mixed.

Seeds that succeed

Seeds carefully selected from the choicest of plants, chosen for their sturdy growth, are the kind that I sell and have sold for the past twenty years. This is why my list of customers increases each year and numbers thousands of enthusiastic flower and plant lovers all over the country.

With the seeds I'll mail you my book "Floral Culture," which tells you HOW to successfully grow flowers from my seeds. It will enable you to have flower beds that will be your constant delight and envy of your neighbors. This book alone is worth many times the cost of ten cents to you. My 20th Annual Catalog will be sent with it.

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Memories

(Continued from page 29)

they should be used, saying: "It isn't the words, it's the being remembered. A man likes to be remembered when he's far away. A dispatch from New York will seem more than one from London." And so the message was immediately sent.

He remembered even the most casual remarks that were made in his hearing; he never forgot a face or a name, and his faculty of observation was as fine as his faculty of memory. Without seeming to see, he saw everything that was going on around him. Once, when he and I, in earnest conversation, were walking slowly along beside the Thames, not far from Hampton Court, he said: "We have been followed for some time by a man who is trying to overhear us; let us turn back." I had not been aware that anybody was near. Long afterward, in New York, I received a letter from a stranger, stating that he had followed us at that time and place, and had either taken or tried to take a Kodak picture of us. Irving's vigilant eyes had seen the man from the first, and he had taken the fortunate precaution of speaking in a low tone—fortunate because he had been telling me the sad story of a lovely girl, dear to him in his youth, who had been betrayed by a distinguished actor, who thus inflicted on Irving in early life an injury which he never forgave and a sorrowful loss which he never forgot.

"GENTLE, NOT TENDER"

IT has been said of Irving that he lacked feeling, that he was all mind and no heart. Speaking to me, Miss Ellen Terry said: "He is gentle, not tender." The late Henry Labouchere wrote of him that "he was always acting." Greater errors could not have been made. Irving knew enough of human nature to know that it is frequently selfish and in many ways infirm, and he realized that "there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face"; but, essentially, he was one of the most loving and lovable of men—when and where he fully trusted. He was singularly sensitive to kindness, and any little token of remembrance that reached him from a friendly hand, if it were only a trifle—as inconsiderable as a cravat or a cigar case—was treasured by him with a gratitude almost pathetic. But he did not "wear his heart upon his sleeve," and he did not trust many persons. He had suffered much, and he was lonely to the last. He was one of the most intellectual persons that ever trod the stage, but those who knew him best could testify that his sympathy was as wide as the widest experience of mankind and as deep as the deepest feelings of compassion and tenderness that ever possessed the human heart.

HE WAS LONELY

IRVING'S views relative to religion were, like those of many other intellectual persons, variable. In talking with me he spoke freely on all kinds of subjects, and sometimes he spoke of religious beliefs and of death. He kept a picture of Christ in his bedroom where he could see it the moment he awoke, and of the spirit of Christ he spoke to me with profound reverence. I remember having heard him say, when addressing a young man and discriminating between the moral responsibility of youth and manhood as to sin: "God would forgive you, but he would not forgive me." I chanced to be with him in his Grafton Street lodging, London, on a Sunday morning when a note from Bancroft was brought to him, telling him of the death of Edmund Yates, who had fallen in an aisle of one of the theatres on the previous evening immediately after the close of the performance, and expired of apoplexy. He handed the note to me, and after a moment, looking out of the window, he said: "Poor Edmund! I suppose that is the end of everything for him." Once, in company at a dinner, a lady, sitting next to Irving, seemed desirous of eliciting from him an expression of positive belief in a future life. "Do you not think," she asked, "that we should say of the departed that they have 'gone before'?" "No, madam," he answered, "I do not. I think we should say they are dead: it is much finer—much grander."

GRATEFUL TO AMERICA

HENRY IRVING'S feeling toward the American people was that of respect and gratitude, as it had much reason to be. He made eight professional tours of America—1883, 1884, 1887, 1893, 1895,



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Memories

(Concluded from page 32)

1899, 1901, and 1903—passing most of the time within the United States, and his gross receipts in the course of those eight tours amounted to \$3,500,000. On the occasion of one of his latest appearances on the American stage he delivered a speech before the curtain in which he earnestly declared that but for the bounteous, practical support he had continuously received from the American people he could not have maintained his enterprises, retrieved his losses, incident to illness and fire, and gone successfully on with the professional work that he had planned to accomplish. The last words ever publicly uttered by him in America were those uttered on the stage of the Harlem Opera House, March 25, 1904, in a speech which I had, at his request, revised for him, and they were heartfelt words of good will and gratitude:

"We are to sail away to-morrow, and in bidding you farewell, I can only tell you that our hearts are full of gratitude and affection. The wish is in my heart and on my lips—God bless America!"

GREATER THAN ANYTHING HE DID

IRVING was greater than anything he ever did. Even to think of him, for those who really knew and understood the man, is to think of a vibrant, unconquerable spirit and a ceaseless exemplar of beneficent purpose and noble endurance. He had great pride of intellect and at times a certain intellectual scorn of everything, including himself, yet that was only a vagary of feeling, for he believed in his time and passionately he believed in the good of humanity and in a triumphant destiny for the people. He knew the value of social favor and support, and, like a wise manager, he never neglected any worthy means of enlisting them; but his main dependence was on the great mass of his public, and his greatest pride was in the people's love and esteem. "We must not expect too much of our friends," he said—"our friends, who do not always pay for admission to the theatre. But the people will understand and approve when we do worthy things, and they will stand by us!" The world seems very lonely without him, and as I think of the little square of stone in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, under which lies the handful of ashes that once was Henry Irving, lines that I wrote long ago come back into my mind, and I murmur them in tribute to the memory of a noble gentleman:

While summer days are long and lonely,
While autumn sunshine seems to weep,
While midnight hours are bleak, and only
The stars and clouds their vigils keep,
All gentle things that live will moan thee,
All fond regrets forever wake:
For earth is happier having known thee,
And heaven is sweeter for thy sake!

Redmoat

(Continued from page 19)

flavor was so awful; but father is an old traveler and drank the whole of his cupful!"

Mr. Eltham's voice called from below. "Dr. Petrie," said the girl quickly, "what do you think they want to do to him?"

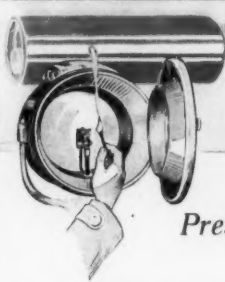
"Ah!" I replied, "I wish I knew that!" "Will you think over what I have told you? For I do assure you there is something here in Redmoat—something that comes and goes in spite of father's fortifications! Caesar knows there is! Listen to him! He drags at his chain so that I wonder he does not break it!"

As we passed downstairs, the howling of the mastiff and the clank! clank! of the tightening chain as he threw the weight of his big body upon it sounded eerily through the house.

I SAT in Smith's room that night for some time, he pacing the floor, smoking and talking.

"Eltham has influential Chinese friends," he said, "but they dare not have him in Nan-Yang at present. He knows the country as he knows Norfolk; he would see things!"

"His precautions here have baffled the enemy, I think! The attempt in the train points to an anxiety to waste no opportunity. But while Eltham was absent (he was getting his outfit in London, by the way) they have been fixing some second string to their fiddle here. In case no



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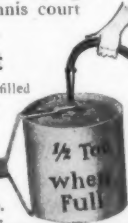
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Redmoat

(Continued from page 33)

opportunity offered before he returned, they provided for getting at him here."

"But how, Smith?"

"That's the mystery. But the dead dog in the shrubbery is significant!"

"Do you think some emissary of Fu-Manchu's is actually inside Redmoat?"

"It's impossible, Petrie! You are thinking of secret passages and so forth? There are none. Eltham has measured up every foot of the place. There isn't a rat hole left unaccounted for; and as for a tunnel under the moat—the house stands on a solid mass of Roman masonry, a former camp of Hadrian's time. I have seen a very old plan of the Round Moat Priory, as it was called. There is no entrance and no exit save by the steps. So how was the dog killed?"

I knocked out my pipe on a bar of the grate.

"We are in the thick of it here!" I said.

"We are always in the thick of it!" replied Smith. "Our danger is no greater in Norfolk than in London. But what do they want to do? That man in the train, with the case of instruments—what instruments? Then the apparition of the green eyes to-night. Can they have been the eyes of Fu-Manchu? Is some peculiarly unique outrage contemplated—something calling for the presence of the Master?"

"He may have to prevent Eltham's leaving England without killing him."

"Quite so. He probably has instructions to be merciful. But God help the victim of Chinese mercy!"

I went to my own room, then. But I did not even undress, refilling my pipe and seating myself at the open window. I had seen Fu-Manchu—once. But having looked upon the awful Chinese doctor, the memory of his face, with its filmed green eyes, could never leave me. The idea that he might be near, at that moment, was a poor narcotic.

THE howling and baying of the mastiff was almost continuous.

When all else in Redmoat was still, the dog's mournful note yet rose on the night, with something menacing in it. I sat looking out across the sloping turf to where the shrubbery showed as a black island in a green sea. The moon swam in a cloudless sky, and the air was warm and fragrant with country smells.

It was in the shrubbery that Denby's collie had met his mysterious death—that the thing seen by Miss Eltham had disappeared. What uncanny secret did it hold?

Cesar became silent.

As the stopping of a clock will sometimes awaken a sleeper, the abrupt cessation of that distant howling, to which I had grown accustomed, now recalled me from a world of gloomy imaginings.

I glanced at my watch in the moonlight. It was twelve minutes past midnight.

As I replaced it, the dog suddenly burst out afresh, but now in a tone of sheer anger. He was alternately howling and snarling in a way that sounded new to me. The crashes, as he leaped to the end of his chain, shook the building in which he was confined. It was as I stood up to lean from the window and command a view of the corner of the house that he broke loose.

With a hoarse bay he took that decisive leap, and I heard his heavy body fall against the wooden wall. There followed a strange, guttural cry and the growling of the dog died away at the rear of the house. He was out! But that guttural note had not come from the throat of a dog. Of what was he in pursuit?

At which point his mysterious quarry entered the shrubbery I do not know. I only know that I saw absolutely nothing until Caesar's lithe shape was streaked across the lawn, and the great creature went crashing into the undergrowth.

Then a faint sound above and to my right told me that I was not the only spectator of the scene. I leaned farther from the window.

"Is that you, Miss Eltham?" I asked.

"Oh! Dr. Petrie!" she said. "I am so glad you are awake! Can we do nothing to help? Caesar will be killed!"

"Did you see what he went after?"

"No," she called back—and drew her breath sharply.

FOR a strange figure went racing across the grass. It was that of a man in a blue dressing gown, who held a lantern high before him and a revolver in his right hand. Coincident with my recognition of Mr. Eltham he leaped plunging into the shrubbery in the wake of the dog!

But the night held yet another surprise, for Nayland Smith's voice came: "Come back! Come back, Eltham!"

I RAN out into the passage and downstairs. The front door was open. A terrible conflict waged in the shrubbery between the mastiff and something else. Passing round to the lawn, I met Smith fully dressed. He had just dropped from a first-floor window.

"The man is mad!" he snapped. "Can he know what lurks there? He should not have gone alone!"

Together we ran toward the dancing light of Eltham's lantern. The sounds of conflict ceased suddenly. Stumbling over stumps and lashed by low-sweeping branches, we struggled forward to where the clergyman knelt among the bushes. He glanced up with tears in his eyes, as was revealed by the dim light.

"Look!" he cried.

The body of the dog lay at his feet.

It was pitiable to think that the fearless brute should have met his death in such a fashion, and when I bent and examined him I was glad to find traces of life.

"Drag him out. He is not dead!" I said.

"And hurry!" rapped Smith, peering about him right and left.

So we three hurried from that haunted place, dragging the dog with us. We were not molested. No sound disturbed the now perfect stillness.

By the lawn edge we came upon Denby, half dressed, and almost immediately Edwards the gardener also appeared. The white faces of the house servants showed at one window and Miss Eltham called to me from her room:

"Is he dead?"

"No," I replied, "only stunned."

WE carried the dog round to the yard, and I examined his head. It had been struck by some heavy, blunt instrument, but the skull was not broken. It is hard to kill a mastiff.

"Will you attend to him, doctor?" asked Eltham. "We must see that the villain does not escape!"

His face was grim and set. This was a different man from the diffident clergyman we knew; this was "Parson Dan" again.

I accepted the care of the canine patient, and Eltham with the others went off for more lights to search the shrubbery. As I was washing a bad wound between the mastiff's ears, Miss Eltham joined me. It was the sound of her voice, I think, rather than my more scientific ministrations, which recalled Caesar to life. For, as she entered, his tail wagged feebly, and a moment later he struggled to his feet—one of which was injured.

Having provided for his immediate needs, I left him in charge of his young mistress and joined the search party. They had entered the shrubbery from four points, and drawn blank.

"There is absolutely nothing there, and no one can possibly have left the grounds!" said Eltham amazedly.

We stood on the lawn looking at one another, Nayland Smith, angry but thoughtful, tugging at the lobe of his left ear as was his habit in moments of perplexity.

WITH the first coming of light, Eltham, Smith, and I tested the electrical contrivances from every point. They were in perfect order. It became more and more incomprehensible how anyone could have entered and quitted Redmoat during the night. The barbed-wire fencing was intact and bore no signs of having been tampered with.

Smith and I undertook an exhaustive examination of the shrubbery.

At the spot where we had found the dog, some five paces to the west of the copper beech, the grass and weeds were trampled and the surrounding laurels and rhododendrons bore evidence of a struggle—but no human footprint could be found.

"The ground is dry," said Smith. "We cannot expect much."

"In my opinion," I said, "some one tried to get at Caesar; his presence is dangerous. And in his rage he broke loose."

"I think so too," agreed Smith. "But why did this person make for here? And how, having mastered the dog, get out of Redmoat? I am open to admit the possibility of some one's getting in during the day while the gates are open and hiding until dusk. But how in the name of all



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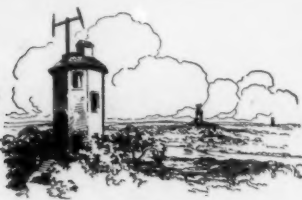
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Redmoat

(Continued from page 34)

that's wonderful does he get out? He must possess the attributes of a bird!"

I thought of Greba Eltham's statements, reminding my friend of her description of the thing which she had seen passing into this strangely haunted shrubbery.

"That line of speculation soon takes us out of our depth, Petrie!" he said. "Let us stick to what we can understand, and that may help us to a clearer idea of what at present is incomprehensible. My view of the case to date stands thus:

"(1) Eltham, having rashly decided to return to the interior of China, is warned by an official whose friendship he has won in some way to stay in England.

"(2) I know this official for one of the yellow group represented in England by Dr. Fu-Manchu.

"(3) Several attempts, of which we know but little, to get at Eltham are frustrated, presumably by his curious 'defenses.' An attempt in a train fails owing to Miss Eltham's distaste for refreshment-room coffee. An attempt here fails owing to her insomnia.

"(4) During Eltham's absence from Redmoat certain preparations are made for his return. These lead to:

"(a) The death of Denby's collier.

"(b) The things heard and seen by Miss Eltham.

"(c) The things heard and seen by us all last night.

"So that the clearing up of my fourth point—*id est*, the discovery of the nature of these preparations—becomes our immediate concern. The prime object of these preparations, Petrie, was to enable some one to gain access to Eltham's room. The other events are incidental. The dogs had to be got rid of, for instance; and there is no doubt that Miss Eltham's wakefulness saved her father a second time.

"But from what? For Heaven's sake, from what?"

SMITH glanced about into the light-patched shadows.

"From a visit by some one—perhaps by Fu-Manchu himself!" he said in a hushed voice. "The object of that visit I hope we may never learn, for that would mean that it had been achieved!"

"Smith," I said, "I do not altogether understand you, but do you think he has some incredible creature hidden here somewhere? It would be like him!"

"I begin to suspect the most formidable creature in the known world to be hidden here. I believe Fu-Manchu is somewhere inside Redmoat!"

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by Denby, who came to report that he had examined the moat, the roadside, and the bank of the stream, but found no footprints or clue of any kind.

"No one left the grounds of Redmoat last night, I think!" he said. And his voice had awe in it.

That day dragged slowly on. A party of us scoured the neighborhood for traces of strangers, examining every foot of the Roman ruin hard by, but vainly.

"May not your presence here induce Fu-Manchu to abandon his plans?" I asked Smith.

"I think not," he replied. "You see, unless we can prevail upon him, Eltham sails in a fortnight. So the doctor has no time to waste. Furthermore, I have an idea that his arrangements are of such a character that they must go forward. He might turn aside, of course, to assassinate me, if opportunity arose! But we know, from experience, that he permits nothing to interfere with his schemes."

THE climax of that extraordinary business was reached very quickly, and there in that quiet Norfolk home we found ourselves at handgrips with one of the mysterious horrors which characterized the operations of Dr. Fu-Manchu. It was upon us before we realized it. There is no incidental music to the dramas of real life.

As we sat on the little terrace in the creeping twilight, I remember thinking how the peace of the scene gave the lie to my fears that we bordered upon tragic things. Then Caesar, who had been a docile patient all day, began howling again, and I saw Greba Eltham shudder.

I caught Smith's eye and was about to propose our retirement indoors, when the party was broken up in a more turbulent fashion. I suppose it was the presence of the girl which prompted Denby to the rash act—a desire to personally distinguish

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Redmoat

(Continued from page 36)

himself. But, as I recalled afterward, his gaze had rarely left the shrubbery since dusk, save to seek her face, and now he leaped wildly to his feet, overturning his chair, and dashed across the grass to the trees!

"Did you see it?" he yelled. "Did you see it?"

HE evidently carried a revolver. For from the edge of the shrubbery a shot sounded, and in the flash we saw Denby with the weapon raised.

"Greba! go in and fasten the windows!" cried Eltham. "Mr. Smith! will you enter the bushes from the West! Dr. Petrie! East! Edwards! Edwards!"—and he was off across the lawn with the nervous activity of a cat.

As I made off in an opposite direction I heard the gardener's voice from the lower gate, and in the flash we saw Denby with the weapon raised.

Two more shots and two flashes from the dense heart of greenwood. Then a loud cry—I thought, from Denby—and a second, muffled one.

Following—silence, only broken by the howling of the mastiff.

I sprinted through the rose garden, leaped heedlessly over a bed of geranium and heliotrope, and plunged in among the bushes and under the elms. Away on the left I heard Edwards shouting and Eltham's answering voice.

"Denby!" I cried, and yet louder, "Denby!"

But the silence fell again.

Dusk was upon Redmoat now, but, from sitting in the twilight, my eyes had grown accustomed to gloom and I could see fairly well what lay before me. Not daring to think what might lurk above, below, around me, I pressed on into the midst of the thicket.

"Vernon!" came Eltham's voice from one side.

"Bear more to the right, Edwards!" I heard Nayland Smith cry directly ahead of me.

With an eerie and indescribable sensation of impending disaster upon me, I thrust my way through to a gray patch which marked a break in the elm roof. At the foot of the copper beech I almost fell over Eltham. Then Smith plunged into view. Lastly, Edwards the gardener rounded a big rhododendron and completed the party.

WE stood quite still for a moment.

A faint breeze whispered through the beech leaves.

"Where is he?"

I cannot remember who put it into words, I was too dazed with amazement to notice. Then Eltham began shouting.

"Vernon! Vernon! Vernon!"

His voice pitched higher upon each repetition. There was something horrible about that vain calling, under the whispering beech, with shrubs banked about us cloaking God alone could know what.

From the back of the house came Caesar's faint reply.

"Quick! lights!" rapped Smith. "Every lamp you have!"

Off we went, dodging laurels and privets, and poured out onto the lawn a disordered company. Eltham's face was deathly pale and his jaw set hard. He met my eye.

"God forgive me!" he said. "I could do murder to-night!"

He was a man composed of strange perplexities.

It seemed an age before the lights were found. But at last we returned to the bushes, really after a very brief delay, and ten minutes sufficed us to explore the entire shrubbery, for it was not extensive. We found his revolver, but there was no one there—nothing.

When we all stood again on the lawn, I thought that I had never seen Smith so haggard.

"What in Heaven's name can we do?" he muttered. "What does it mean?"

HE expected no answer, for there was none to offer one.

"Search! Everywhere!" said Eltham hoarsely.

He ran off into the rose garden and began beating about among the flowers like a madman, muttering, "Vernon! Vernon!"

For close upon an hour we all searched. We searched every square yard, I think, within the wire fencing, and found no trace. Miss Eltham slipped out in the

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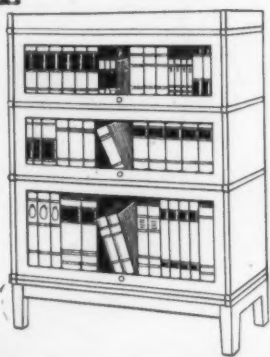
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Redmoat

(Continued from page 37)

confusion and joined with the rest of us in that frantic hunt. Some of the servants assisted, too.

It was a group terrified and awe-stricken which came together again on the terrace. One and then another would give up, until only Eltham and Smith were missing. Then they came back together from examining the steps to the lower gate. Eltham dropped onto a rustic seat and sank his head in his hands.

Nayland Smith paced up and down like a newly caged animal, snapping his teeth together and tugging at his ear.

Possessed by some sudden idea, or pressed to action by his tumultuous thoughts, he snatched up a lantern and strode silently off across the grass and to the shrubbery once more. I followed him. I think his idea was that he might surprise anyone who lurked there. He surprised himself, and all of us.

For right at the margin he tripped and fell flat. I ran to him.

He had fallen over the body of Denby, which lay there!

DENBY had not been there a few moments before, and how he came to be there now we dared not conjecture. Mr. Eltham joined us, uttered one short, dry sob, and dropped upon his knees. Then we were carrying Denby back to the house, with the mastiff howling a *marche funèbre*.

We laid him on the grass where it sloped down from the terrace. Nayland Smith's haggard face was terrible. But the stark horror of the thing inspired him to that which, conceived earlier, had saved Denby. Twisting suddenly to Eltham, he roared in a voice audible beyond the river:

"We are fools! Loose the dog."

"But the dog—" I began.

Smith clapped his hand over my mouth. "I know he's crippled!" he whispered. "But if anything human lurks there, the dog will lead us to it! If a man is there, he will fly! Why did we not think of it before? Fools! fools!" He raised his voice again. "Keep him on leash, Edwards! He will lead us!"

The scheme succeeded. Edwards barely had started on his errand when bells began ringing inside the house!

"Wait!" snapped Eltham, and rushed indoors.

A moment later he was out again, his eyes gleaming madly.

"Above the moat!" he panted. And we were off *en masse* round the edge of the trees.

It was dark above the moat; but not so dark as to prevent our seeing a narrow ladder of thin bamboo joints and silken cord hanging by two hooks from the top of the twelve-foot wire fence. There was no sound.

"He's out!" screamed Eltham. "Down the steps!"

We all ran our best and swiftest. But Eltham outran us. Like a fury he tore at bolts and bars and like a fury sprang out into the road. Straight and white it showed to the acclivity by the Roman ruin. But no living thing moved upon it. The distant baying of the dog was borne to our ears.

"Curse it! he's crippled!" hissed Smith. "Without him, as well pursue a shadow!"

A FEW hours later the shrubbery yielded up its secret, a simple enough one. A big cask sunk in a pit, with a laurel shrub cunningly affixed to its movable lid, which was further disguised with tufts of grass. A slender bamboo-jointed rod lay near the fence. It had a hook on the top and was evidently used for attaching the ladder.

"It was the end of this ladder which Miss Eltham saw," said Smith, "as he trailed it behind him into the shrubbery when she interrupted him in her father's room. He and whomever he had with him doubtless slipped in during the daytime while Eltham was absent in London, bringing the prepared cask and all necessary implements with them. They concealed themselves somewhere—probably in the shrubbery—and during the night made the cache. The excavated earth would be disposed of on the flower beds; the dummy bush they probably had ready. You see, the problem of getting in was never a big one. But owing to the 'defenses' it was impossible (while Eltham was in residence at any rate) to get out after dark! For Fu-Manchu's purposes, then, a working base inside Redmoat was es-

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MISCELLANEOUS

Elgin Watches—\$2 A Month. Why Not Buy your Elgin Watch now while you can get it at a special price and on such easy monthly payments that you'll never miss the money! This month we will sell you a \$20 Elgin in 25 year gold case for \$16.50 or a fine \$30 Elgin in 25 year gold case for only \$24.75, no money down, sent subject to your approval. Write for Free Catalog. We are the largest Watch House in America and trust honest people everywhere. Harris-Gear Company, Dept. 772, Kansas City, Mo.

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Motion Picture Plays Wanted. You Can Write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Asa'd M. P. Schools, 643 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

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Redmoat

(Concluded from page 38)

essential. His servant—for he needed assistance—must have been in hiding somewhere outside; Heaven knows where! During the day, they could come or go by the gates, as we have already noted.

"You think it was the doctor himself?" "It seems possible! Who else has eyes like the eyes Miss Eltham saw from the window last night?"

There remains to tell the nature of the outrage whereby Fu-Manchu had planned to prevent Eltham's leaving England for China. This we learned from Denby. For Denby was not dead!

It was easy to divine that he had stumbled upon the fiendish visitor at the very entrance to his burrow; had been stunned (judging from the evidence, with a sandbag) and dragged down into the cache, to which he must have lain in such dangerous proximity as to render detection of the dummy bush possible in removing him. The quickest expedient, then, had been to drag him beneath. When the search of the shrubbery was concluded his body had been borne to the edge of the bushes and laid where we found it.

Why his life had been spared I cannot conjecture, but provision had been made against his recovering consciousness and revealing the secret of the shrubbery. The ruse of releasing the mastiff alone had terminated the visit of the unbidden guest within Redmoat.

Denby made a very slow recovery, and even when convalescent, consciously added not one fact to those we already had collated, for the reason that his memory had completely left him! This, in my opinion, as in those of the several specialists consulted, was due, not to the blow on the head, but to the presence, slightly below and to the right of the first cervical curve of the spine, of a minute puncture—undoubtedly caused by a hypodermic syringe. Thus, unconsciously, poor Denby furnished the last link in the chain; for undoubtedly by means of this operation Fu-Manchu had designed to efface from Eltham's mind his plans of return to Ho-Nan.

The nature of the fluid which could produce such mental symptoms was a mystery—a mystery which defied Western science; one of the many strange secrets of Dr. Fu-Manchu.

HO-NAN—Have abandoned visit.

ELTHAM.

UNDERLINED the above, which appeared in the personal column of a daily paper a few days after our sojourn in Norfolk, and laid the journal beside Smith's plate on the breakfast table.

"I am glad, for Eltham's sake—and for the girls'," was his comment. "But it marks another victory for Fu-Manchu! Just Heaven! why is retribution delayed!"

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The Bull



A Style for Every Taste

It is not what you pay but what you get when you buy The Florsheim Shoe.

Look for the Florsheim Sign—You'll find a live dealer ready to show you correct styles to fit your feet.

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The Duke

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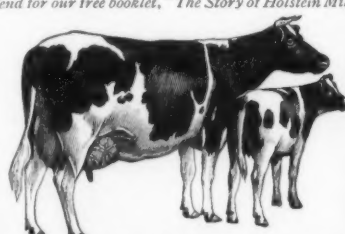
Nurse your baby if you can—by all means. But, if you can't, give it Holstein cows' Milk—the nearest substitute for breast milk.

Babies fed on fresh clean Holstein milk have the best food medical science has been able to discover and they show it. They have firm flesh and keen appetites; they enjoy regular and peaceful sleep. Indigestion never interferes with their steady growth.

Holstein Cows' Milk corresponds closely to breast milk; for many babies, no modification is necessary. The moderate amount of fat it contains is in the form of minute globules that are easily and rapidly digested. In ordinary milk, the fat is not only excessive in quantity, but the globules containing it are more than twice the size of those in Holstein milk. On reaching the stomach these large particles of fat form coarse heavy curds that are digested only with difficulty.

Try Holstein Cows' milk for baby. It will give your baby the vitality needed for the steady growth it should be making.

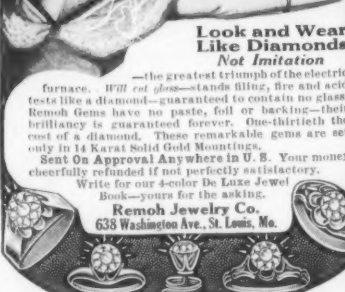
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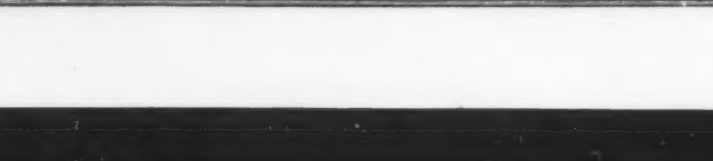
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—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. Will not glow—stands firing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémoih Gems have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings. Sent On Approval Anywhere in U. S. Your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking. Rémoih Jewelry Co. 636 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Use UNITED STATES The world-famous Non-Skid Tires



Help Your Grocer to Serve You Better

IF you want your grocer to give you the kind of service you ought to have, be prepared to do your part by giving him the kind of support that honest service merits. The vast majority of grocers are honestly anxious to supply what their customers want, and if you find on the shelves at the store you patronize goods which ought not to be there, it is fairly safe to assume that it was popular demand which placed them there—probably you contributed to that demand yourself.

When you take part of your patronage away from a grocer who is doing his honest level best to supply you with pure foods of the sort you want and ought to have, you encourage him to meet the competition of less scrupulous rivals by putting in a stock of the kind of goods you ought *not* to have. When, for instance, you let yourself be tempted by the glittering promises of a cut-price store, you deliberately discourage your own honest grocer and make it easy for the next salesman from a food-counterfeiter to get an order from him.

The only way you can expect to enlist the full cooperation of your grocer is to do your own part willingly and steadily—is to make him thoroughly certain that if he brings his stock and his store up to your standards he can count on your patronage and your good word when opportunity offers. You cannot expect him to do it all alone.

If there were no definite basis on which to judge your grocer's stock, if there were no definite standard to apply to the goods he sells, it would be hard for you and him to agree as to what constitutes proper grocery service.

But that difficulty has disappeared. There is now one easy, safe, sure, definite

way for you to judge your grocer and one easy, sure, safe, definite way for him to know which lines of goods he ought to sell.



"If he can sell you products 'Westfield Pure' he deserves your undivided patronage."

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

This is a list in handy, classified, indexed form, of food products of absolutely proven purity and wholesomeness, sifted out of the many thousands analyzed during the past ten years by the chemists of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., the pure-food town. It does not list all of the pure foods in existence, but it lists so many of them, gives you such a wide variety of choice, that your grocer ought to be able to supply you with at least

one of the brands approved under each important classification.

And this establishes the standard on which to judge your grocer. If he can sell you one product approved by the Westfield Book under any food classification you select, he is giving you the kind of grocery service you want, he is living up to his side of the bargain and deserves your undivided patronage and support.

If he cannot sell you products "Westfield Pure" and is not willing to get them, there is something wrong with him and you had better change your grocer. But first give him a chance to reform by showing him the book and telling him that if he wants your patronage he will have to supply you with goods which it mentions.

The Westfield Book can be secured by sending the coupon below, with 10c in silver, to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. Do this today for your own sake; get the book and use it as your buying guide; insist on getting some one of the brands it approves every time you buy foods. But don't let your effort stop there. Take this advertisement and the book itself to your grocer and show him that if he will do his best to serve you you will do your best to make it profitable for him.

You'll find the *right* sort of grocer honestly eager to furnish you with the best, purest, healthiest foods in the market. He only needs the assurance that *you* will buy that class of goods. Give him this, and your grocery problem is solved.

But in any case, send today for The Westfield Book of Pure Foods. It makes you sure your food is pure.



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 2-15-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name

Street

Post Office

My Grocer

Address

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

TIMKEN

BEARINGS & AXLES

??? ??? Miles

THROUGH how many miles of road service will the bearings in your car stand up—and give *full* efficiency?

How long will they carry the weight of car and load, meet the hammer blows from jolts over rough city pavements and car tracks, from deep-rutted country roads?

How long will they keep shafts in alignment, keep gears in correct mesh, hold friction down to near nothing—save power?

These questions strike the root of the economy, the satisfaction and the safety of year after year operation of your motor-car.

IT would be ridiculous to claim that any bearings, or any other moving parts, will not wear in time. The best steels, the most careful heat-treatment can only minimize wear and postpone it.

The great question to the car owner is, can the inevitable wear be neutralized by adjustment so that the bearing will continue to perform all its functions with *full efficiency* during the life of the car?

The Timken Tapered Roller Bearing is the one anti-friction bearing whose principles of design enable the effect of wear to be wholly eliminated by adjustment without the least sacrifice of its efficiency.

The two ribs on the Timken cone keep the tapered rollers always in perfect alignment—therefore the diminutive wear is uniform over the surfaces of cone, rollers and cup.

When the cone is moved just a trifle farther into the cup all the parts are brought into the same identical relation to each other that existed when the bearing was first made.

No grooves can wear in the races. The rollers, though microscopically smaller, have still the same taper and, after adjustment, are just as snugly in perfect rolling contact with cup and cone as they were at the start.

Because it is adjustable perfectly for wear; because the line contact of its rollers enables it to support greater load and stand greater shocks; because its tapered construction enables it to meet end-pressure as well as vertical load—The Timken Tapered Roller Bearing is found in the wheels of the great majority of American motor-cars, both pleasure and commercial, and in many leading foreign cars as well.

The life-time efficiency of the Timken Roller Bearing is also one of the fundamental reasons for the success and wide adoption of Timken-Detroit Axles.

It will pay you to learn more about these essential parts of the car—bearings and axles. You can do so by sending for the Timken Primers B-5, on Bearings; B-6, on Axles. Sent free postpaid on request to either address below. Write today.

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings on the spindle of a Timken-Detroit Front Axle for Pleasure Car.



THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.

Canton, Ohio

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.

Detroit, Mich.



No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Two Million

Have Now Told Their Story

Eleven months ago—after 12 years of tire making—we announced that one million Goodyear tires had gone out to tell their story.

Now note what their story did.

In less than one year that number has doubled. Two millions have gone into use.

And the evidence is that those two millions will sell two million more this year.

Here's an Unbiased Verdict

Our claims are biased when we say that Goodyear tires are best.

So are others' claims.

But a million Goodyear tires, within one year, sold a million more.

They brought a demand so sudden and vast that we fell 400,000 tires short of supplying it.

The tires did that, remember. Did it by mileage records. Did it by saving rim-cutting. Did it by their oversize.

There is a verdict entirely unbiased—a verdict concurred in by hundreds of thousands who have actually used these tires.

These Men Haven't Fooled Themselves

In these days of odometers, as you know, men are not fooled on tires.

The tire that outsells excels. There can be no question about it.

Then note these facts:

Today's demand for Goodyear tires is seven times larger than two years ago.

Our sales for 12 months past far exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

Can you think that these tires have so raced into favor without giving what other tires don't?

890,680 on New Cars

Here is a fact which is still more convincing.

Our contracts with car makers for the 1913 season call for 890,680 tires. That's enough to equip 222,670 cars. Thus a very large percentage of the new cars of this year will go out with Goodyear equipment.

Consider how these car makers come to know tires. Consider what they have at stake.

The leading makers, in every way, are trying to cut down upkeep. The

facts above show what tires help most, in their shrewd estimation.

The Four Main Economies

These four reasons, in their order, have brought men to Goodyear tires.

First, the fact that No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent oversize. That extra air capacity, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Second, No-Rim-Cut tires have ended rim-cutting forever. And we control by patents the means that solved this problem in a satisfactory way.

Statistics show that rim-cutting ruins about 23 per cent of the old-type tires.

Those are our salesmen—those two million tires, marking their mileage on countless odometers.

They form the sole reason why Goodyear tires now far outsell all others.

"We make the best tire" is a common cry, and very soon forgotten.

But men don't forget big mileage figures, or tire bills that we cut in two.

Third comes Goodyear quality. We attained it by testing 240 formulas and fabrics. By wearing out tires under metered mileage, for years and years, to prove which served the best.

Fourth, the Goodyear Non-Skid tread. A double-thick tread, immensely enduring. A tread with a bulldog grip. And a tread that distributes the strain evenly as with smooth-tread tires.

In these four ways we have saved motor car owners a great many million dollars.

Make Your Tests

Now we ask you to make your tests. Make comparisons with other

Try other tires with them. You wish. Keep accurate track of the mileage. Keep a record of tire upke-

If any other tire serves you no better, we have nothing more to say.

But if No-Rim-Cut tires prove to be most economical, we do say that you should use them.

The evidence is that these tires excel others, and in a sensational way. If they do, you should find it out.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

Velvet

THE
SMOOTHEST
TOBACCO



"Nope—not going out to-night:
—too comfortable"

I've just settled down in my big easy chair for
an evening at home with my favorite book and
pipe—and a big fresh tin of Velvet.

"No, thank you—not tonight!" *Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

10¢ TINS

Handy 5¢ bags
One pound glass humidor jars

